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MAXIM

JANUARY 2008

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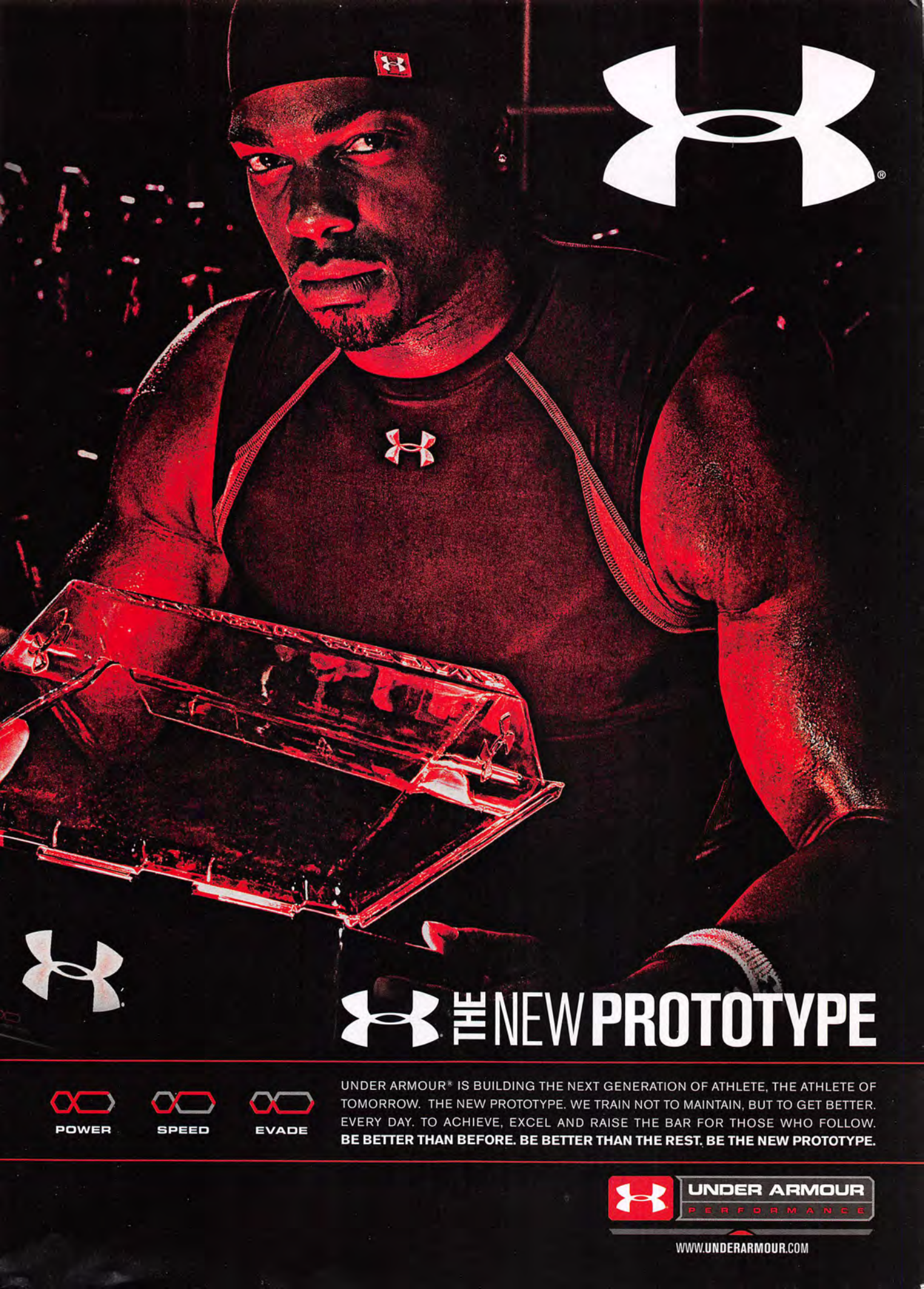
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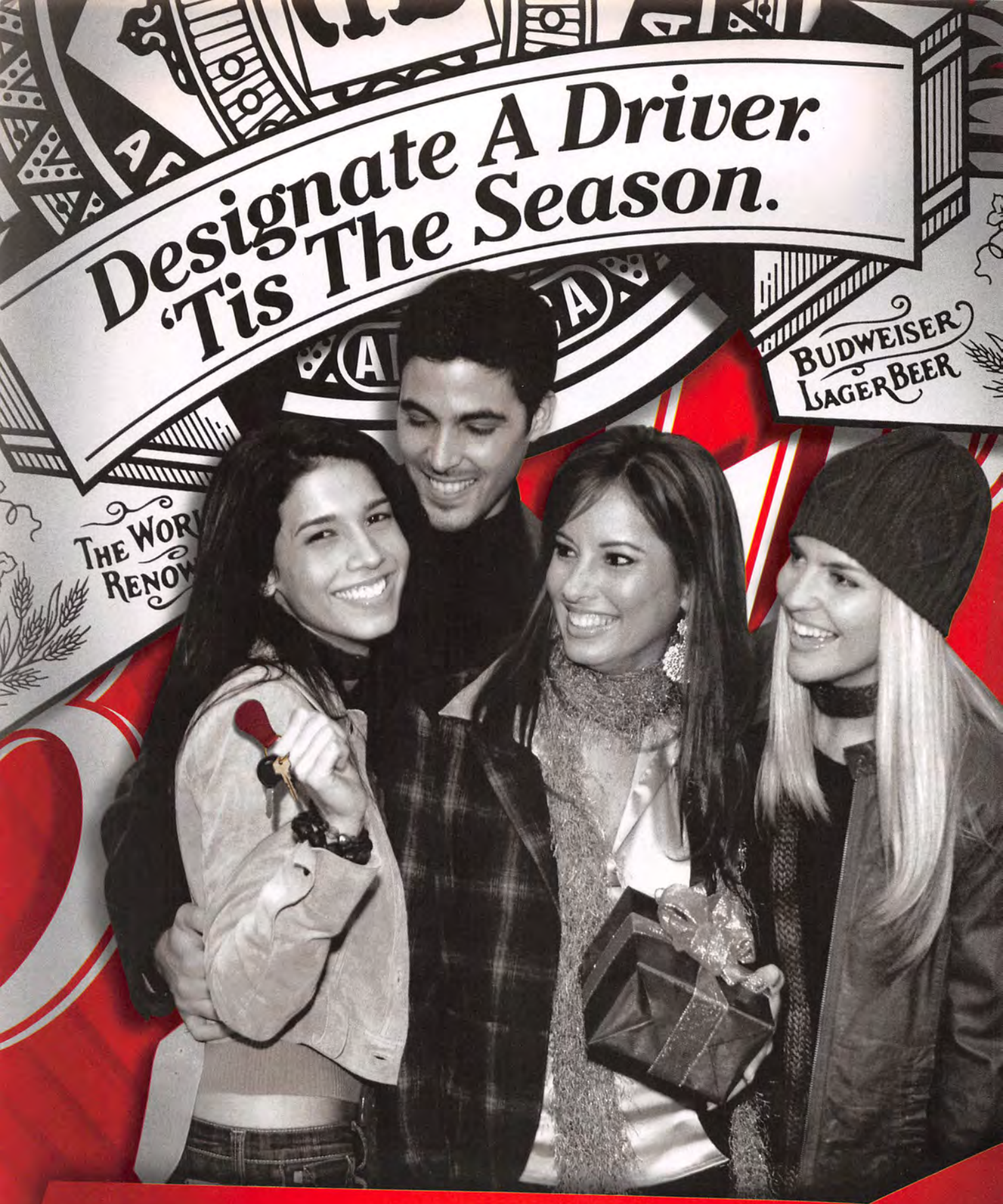

154,000,000 American adults

have been or have used a designated driver. When you're out with friends this holiday season, plan ahead and ask "Who's Your Bud?" Thanks for using a designated driver.*

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She's sexy, she's stylish, and—thank the Lord—the former O.C. goddess is primed to burn down a theater near you.

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Smokin' shots of the biggest stars who'll kick-start the New Year. And just because we love you, none of them are guys!

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The Foo Fighter extraordinaire on the joys of public nudity, shopping at Costco, and the magic of Jäger bombs.

76 **The Drinking Man's Guide to Booze**
Become a walking encyclopedia of alcohol. Well, stumbling encyclopedia of alcohol, to be more precise.

84 **Death in the French Quarter**
An in-depth report on the most twisted murder in the history of New Orleans (and that's saying a lot.)

90 **The Worst Excuses of All Time**
A salute to those who when confronted with damning evidence said the first stupid lie that popped into their heads.

92 **Good Girl Gone Bad**
You worshiped her on *Freaks and Geeks* and *ER*. Now Linda Cardellini gets your guns blazing in *Comanche Moon*.

On the Cover
Photograph; Sante D'Orazio; styling, Tara Elliot Swennen; hair, Keith Carpenter at the Wall Group; makeup, Talia Shobrook for Laura Mercier at the Wall Group; prop stylist, Nadia Williamson.

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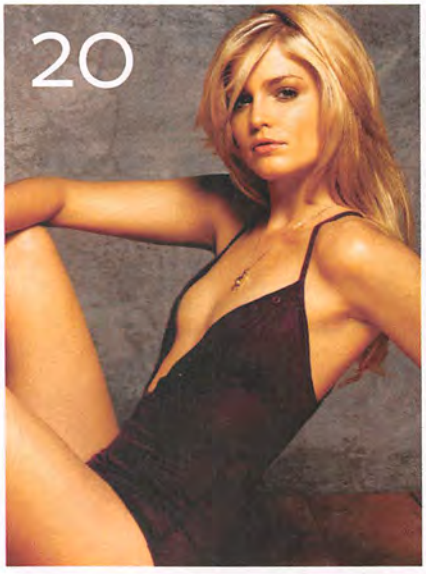

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You sent us praise, you sent us some criticism, but not one of you bastards sent cookies. Thanks a lot.

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104 Style

Fashion with balls of steel! The men and woman of HBO's hit series *The Wire* show you how to dress like a Baltimore badass.

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Editor's Letter

JANUARY 2008

It's amazing how much you can learn about your staff when you go out drinking with them. Especially when the goal is to test hangover cures, ranging from high-tech (megavitamins) to low (semidrunken sex with the wife!). And especially when your company is generously offering to reimburse you for the tab (note to Alpha Media Group accounting: still waiting...). The occasion for our late-night *Maxim* field trip was this month's big, definitive feature package on all things liquor: "The Drinking Man's Guide to Booze." We think it's the perfect way to usher in the new year: After all, booze is one of the great common denominators of manhood. Whether you drink to frequent and terrifying excess, only occasionally, or avoid the hard stuff altogether, there's something intrinsically fascinating about libations. As you'll read in our feature, booze is at the root of many great historical things (poetry, booty calls) and many not-so-great things (slave trade, we're looking in your direction). And while many of us consume it, few of us understand all its intricacies. For instance, what is the difference between bourbon and single malt? Between low-end and high-end vodkas? What's the best gin cocktail? The only acceptable scotch cocktail? And how the hell did Winston Churchill function at all? The answers to these, and other questions, start on page 76.

We pondered all this, and plenty more, on our long night at the 11th Street Bar, and once the tequila started pouring, everyone began to open up. I promised I'd keep what they said in confidence, but I think these guys are being too shy. Check out some of the amazing things I learned: Associate editor Jeff Foss is actually one eighth Cherokee.[1] Multitasking senior editor David Swanson speaks fluent Mandarin.[2] And deputy editor Chris Wilson spends his weekends reading to the elderly.[3] Man, is it hot in here, or what? I love these guys! And you know what? I think they love me, too!

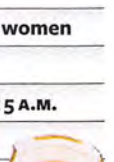
Drinking is just one of the fundamental guy concerns that we address in this and every issue of *Maxim*. Elsewhere you'll find heavy doses of humor (check out our finely crafted Dr. Ruth joke on page 18), incredible photos of the hottest women in Hollywood (Scarlett, if you're reading, call me?), a chat with NHL brawler Chris Simon that'll knock your teeth out (p.53), and a story about the grisliest crime ever committed in New Orleans (p.84). Plus, great advice on everything from cars to sex...to booze. Hope you enjoy it. Drinks are on me.

James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

[1] Has pancake-size nipples.
[2] Can pick up a stack of quarters without using his hands.
[3] Owns the largest clown porn collection in Jersey.

THIS MONTH IN MAXIM

8	Editors drinking on editorial director Jim Kaminsky's tab during "research"
3	Amount of time tab was open, in hours
$863	Amount of tab, to Kaminsky's continuing horror
5	Number of male staffers who sent ill-advised text messages to various women
1	Who actually persuaded one to come over to their apartments
1	Who passed out before she got there, stranding her outside his door at 5 A.M.
$64	Cab fare Dan Bova paid to get home after waking up in another state
6	Hours late deputy photo editor Antonella D'Agostino showed up
5	Minutes it took her to regret showing up at all
3	Number of foods identifiable in Jeff Foss' vomit



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MAILING IT IN

You write 'em, we read 'em! Then we mine them for information we can use to steal your identity.

Eva Mendes can pitch for our company softball team any day

Naked Adulation

Eva Mendes' cover picture [November] is breathtaking, and the fact that she cleans and gardens naked is super. I am a nudist and live naked in my home. It's a damned shame that our prudish society would get all bent out of shape if we lived nude outdoors.

Frank Beumer Newburgh, IN

We applaud your wanting to take your beans out for fresh air. But for now we recommend you pull down the shades and avoid plastic seat covers on hot days.

Canine Cop

Check out page 40 of the November issue. In your sidebar on the gross grub people have actually eaten in movies, you say Divine ate poodle poo in *Pink Flamingos*. But the picture you ran ain't no poodle. It's a bichon frise.

Anonymous via e-mail

We thought there was something off about the taste of that poo. Mystery solved!

Raw Deal

I have to take issue with Anthony Bourdain's "How to Eat Sushi" [November]. He says people shouldn't mix wasabi with soy sauce. That's like saying, "Don't put ketchup on your fries."

Joe Pompeo via e-mail

You put ketchup on fries? What kind of freak are you?

Fish Story

In your article "The Man Who Swam the Amazon" [November], you say the candirú fish can lodge itself inside of a man's penis. But that's never really been documented. Would you not be able to feel a catfish sneak up your junk?

A. Bates Lubbock, TX

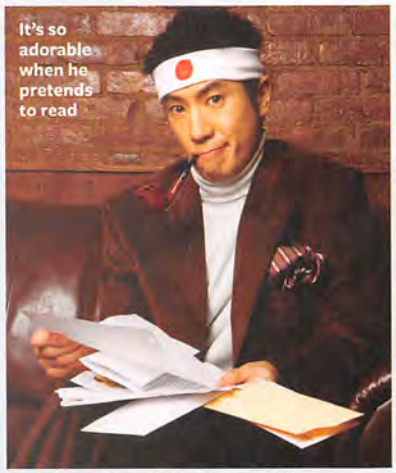
If you want to be a dick daredevil, be our guest. We'll stick to swimming—and peeing—in our neighbor's pool when he's not home.

Special Reporters

How about putting some of the fine ladies from CNN on your pages? Erica Hill, Brooke Anderson, Christi Paul, or my personal favorite, Robin Meade. I'm sure they'll say yes if you ask!

Jeff Tobin via e-mail

We asked, they yapped about the West Bank, and we dozed off. But Sean Hannity has been begging us to photograph him in frilly girly things for years.



It's so adorable when he pretends to read

Hiroki Helps!

If you're writing to him for life advice, you really do have problems.

Q: I met a girl I like, but she has a boyfriend who lives on another continent. How can I make her forget about that foreign loser?

Paco Pizarro via e-mail

Hiroki: You are white trash pizza delivery boy, but need to be yellow trash wasabi taste. Then you can take her and bye-bye sayonara him with wasabi pizza.

Q: I just got fired, and I'm going to have to start budgeting, big time. But how can I save money without living like a lonely hermit?

Walt Vega via e-mail

Hiroki: Pick up cans from street and sell to grocery for $2. Call friends and get beer, or tell bartender tall guy will pay so he will give to you for free. And after you say goodbye to date go back to restaurant and clean floor.

Q: I want to have a birthday party for myself, but I'm dating several women who don't know about each other. Do I introduce them all and just act like it's OK?

Jake M. Los Angeles, CA

Hiroki: No! You are a stupid—that is your busted party. But I love girls too so I'd need. Make everybody naked and then have tensome or twentysome, or make football game!

To get tips from a lunatic, e-mail ***hirokihelps@maxim.com.***

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Series of Missteps

As the Red Sucks were celebrating their win, I got onto Coors Field and held the World Series Trophy—while wearing Rockies gear. I had to give it back, so please publish this photo to help Rockies fans healing process.

Shawn Oesterreicher via e-mail

You failed to display any Rockies logos in the photo, then handed the trophy right back to the enemy. What gives? If you were a real man, you'd be using that trophy as a decorative planter right now!

Later Curt Schilling bitch-slapped him

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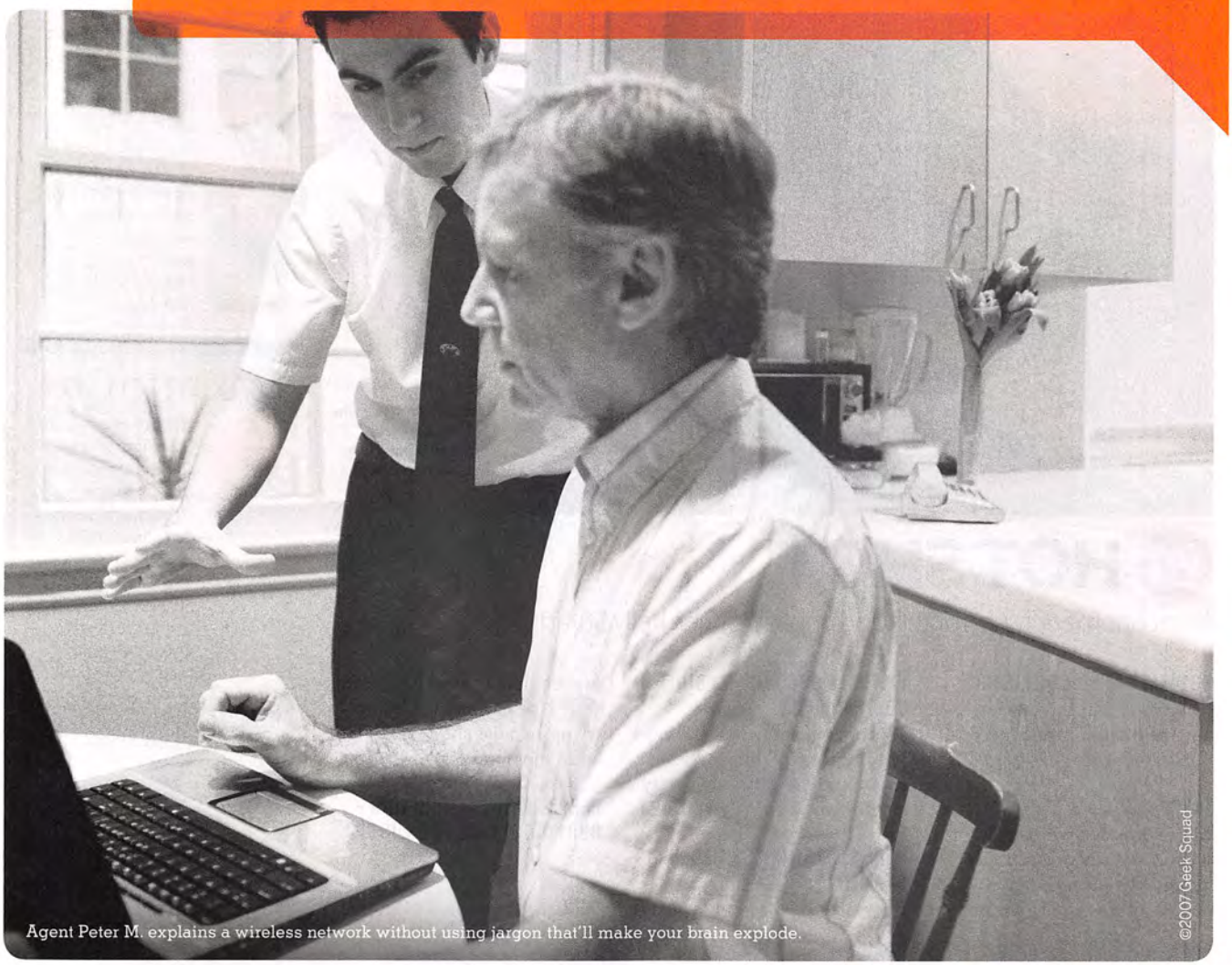
SO WE'LL JUST SUMMARIZE.



Agent Peter M. explains a wireless network without using jargon that'll make your brain explode.

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We don't want to blow your mind, so let's just say our wireless network installation opens up a world of possibility for your new laptop. Printing, file sharing, interactive video chats, you name it and a properly optimized wireless network can make it happen. Look at that, we explained some of the benefits of wireless and no one's head exploded. We're better at this than we thought.

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What's going on at **maxim.com** and **maxim.com/mobile**? Something tells us you're about to find out.

Maxim.com favorite Maria Espinoza makes blood rush to our heads too!

HOT SHOT

Meet our friendly neighborhood photoblogger, Kelly Stuart.

SO WHAT'S A PHOTOBLOGGER?
Hot girls send me their photos, and I post them on maxim.com. I put up about 600 girls last year.

THAT'S ALL?
I also ask readers who they want to see more of and do posts by request. It's all very interactive, and I've made a lot of friends.

WOMEN MUST DO CRAZY STUFF TO GET FEATURED.
This one girl named Nicole keeps begging for a full-blown *Maxim* shoot, and she e-mails me every single week. It's a little stalkerish.

HERE'S A WILD GUESS: HER E-MAILS ARE IN ALL-CAPS.
Oh, yeah. And she found a picture of me online and was like, "Is this you?" She says she won't stop trying, because she's getting old, and a shoot would make her life.

PERSISTENT YET TERRIFYING—OUR KIND OF GIRL. HOOK US UP?
No.

DANG.

Beat This Caption!

TO ENTER

1. Prove you deserve the life you've been granted by entering your funniest line at maxim.com/contests.
2. If yours busts our gut best, we'll treat your ears to an iPod dock courtesy of Vers.
3. Visit maxim.com to see if you've won!

It won't matter—she's British

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE: THE 2X iPOD DOCK, WORTH $180. ROCK OUT!

Rink King

Next to the cryogenically frozen noggin of Ted Williams, New York Islanders enforcer Chris Simon ("Last of the Barbarians," p.53) is the most fearsome thing on ice. If you don't believe us, check maxim.com for video of Simon's most bone-crushing, teeth-chattering—well, if these guys had any teeth—NHL hits.

Maxim to Go

Miss us when you're out? Sign up for V CAST from Verizon and download streaming video of our photo shoots, cover girls, and Miss Maxim. No V CAST? No problem—just text MXM2243 to 51945. Gee whiz, technology's swell.

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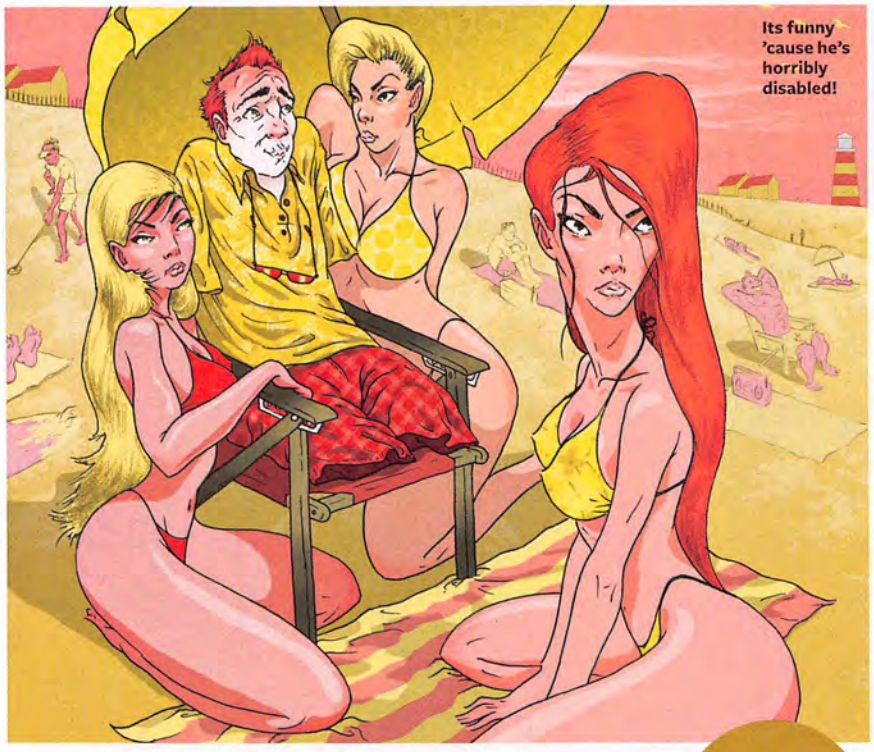


The Dean of Mean

Jeffrey Ross is the king of the Friars Club roasts. Drink in a few of his nastiest shots.

Courtney Love: "You're just like the girl next door...if you happen to live next to a methadone clinic. Folks, tell me, how is it possible that Courtney Love looks worse than Kurt Cobain?"

Pam Anderson: "I think it's hypocritical that you care so much about animal rights, since you've been torturing your own beaver for years. I'm not saying your vagina is as big as the Lincoln Tunnel—I'm saying it's bigger."

Shaquille O'Neal: "Your knuckles look scraped. Did you walk here?"

Sandra Bernhard: "Holy shit—I wouldn't fuck you with Bea Arthur's dick."

"**Dr. Ruth** is so old, her pussy has mice."

For more, go to jeffrey-ross.com.

Joke of the Month!

A man with no arms or legs is sunbathing on a beach. After a while he is approached by three gorgeous women, who take pity on him.

The first one says to him, "Have you ever been hugged?"

"Why, no, can't say that I have," the man replies, shaking his head. So she leans down and gives him a hug.

The second woman says to him, "Have you ever been kissed?"

He shakes his head again. She kisses him.

Rather abruptly, the third asks, "Have you ever been fucked?"

"No," says the man, his eyes lighting up.

"Well, you are now. The tide's coming in."

—Josh Richman, via e-mail

Q: What did the paraplegic blind boy get for Christmas? A: Cancer.

Q: What do you call a masturbating bull? A: Beef stroganoff.

Shot Caller

Two hunters are out in the woods when one of them collapses and stops breathing.

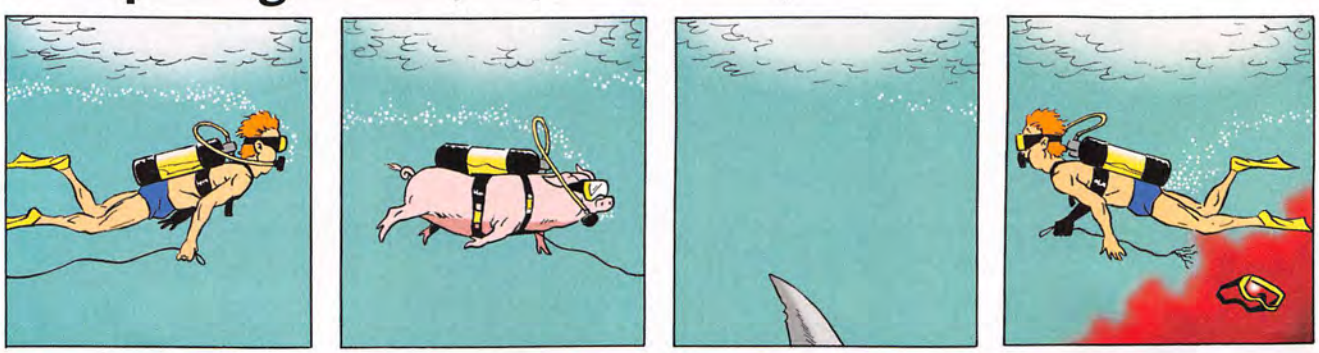
His panicked buddy calls 911 on his cell.

"My friend is dead!" he gasps. "What can I do?"

"Calm down," the operator says. "I can help. First, let's make sure he's dead."

There is a silence, then a shot is heard. Back on the phone, the guy says to the operator, "OK, now what?"

The Sporting Swine By Barney Farmer and Lee Healey



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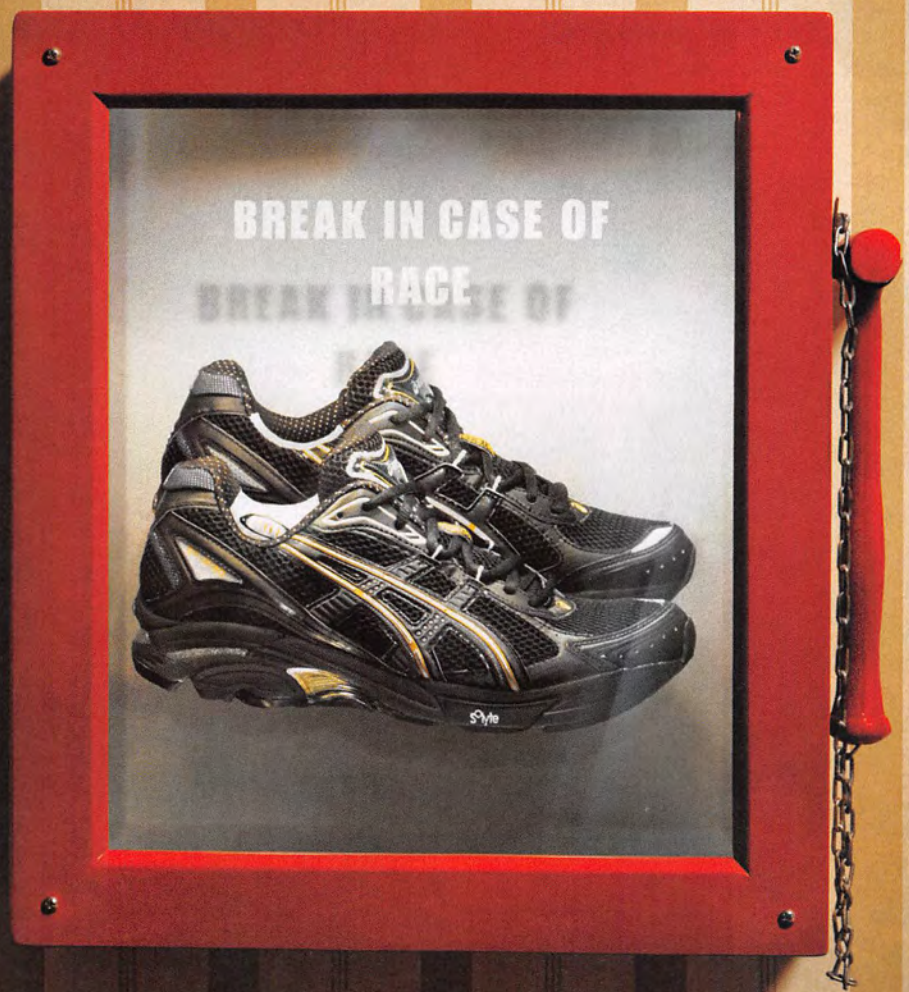


ASICS GT-2130™ The Urge to Race Is Strong and Sudden.

Foot Locker

INCOMING

{IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE}

MY FIRST TIME

WHITNEY ABLE

Set to break out this year in two movies, *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane* (a horror pic about a group of high schoolers partying on a secluded ranch) and *Remarkable Power* (a comedy about a late-night talk show host), this big-screen stunner shares her other milestones.

First Album

Led Zeppelin II. That song "Ramble On" was my jam for a minute there.

First Fight

My brother and I used to have karate tournaments in the living room when my mom wasn't home. One time I hurt him badly, so he chased me around the house and gave me the old chesty—he held me down and poked me in the chest, hard, to make a bruise.

First Car Accident

My ultimate blonde moment. I was in my car at a stoplight. I reversed so the car in front of me could back up, but I forgot to put it back in drive. When the light turned green, I hit the gas and ran into the car behind me. Ridiculous.

First Sex

There's really only one word for losing my virginity: "Oops." It makes me laugh now. It never happened again with that person.

First Audition

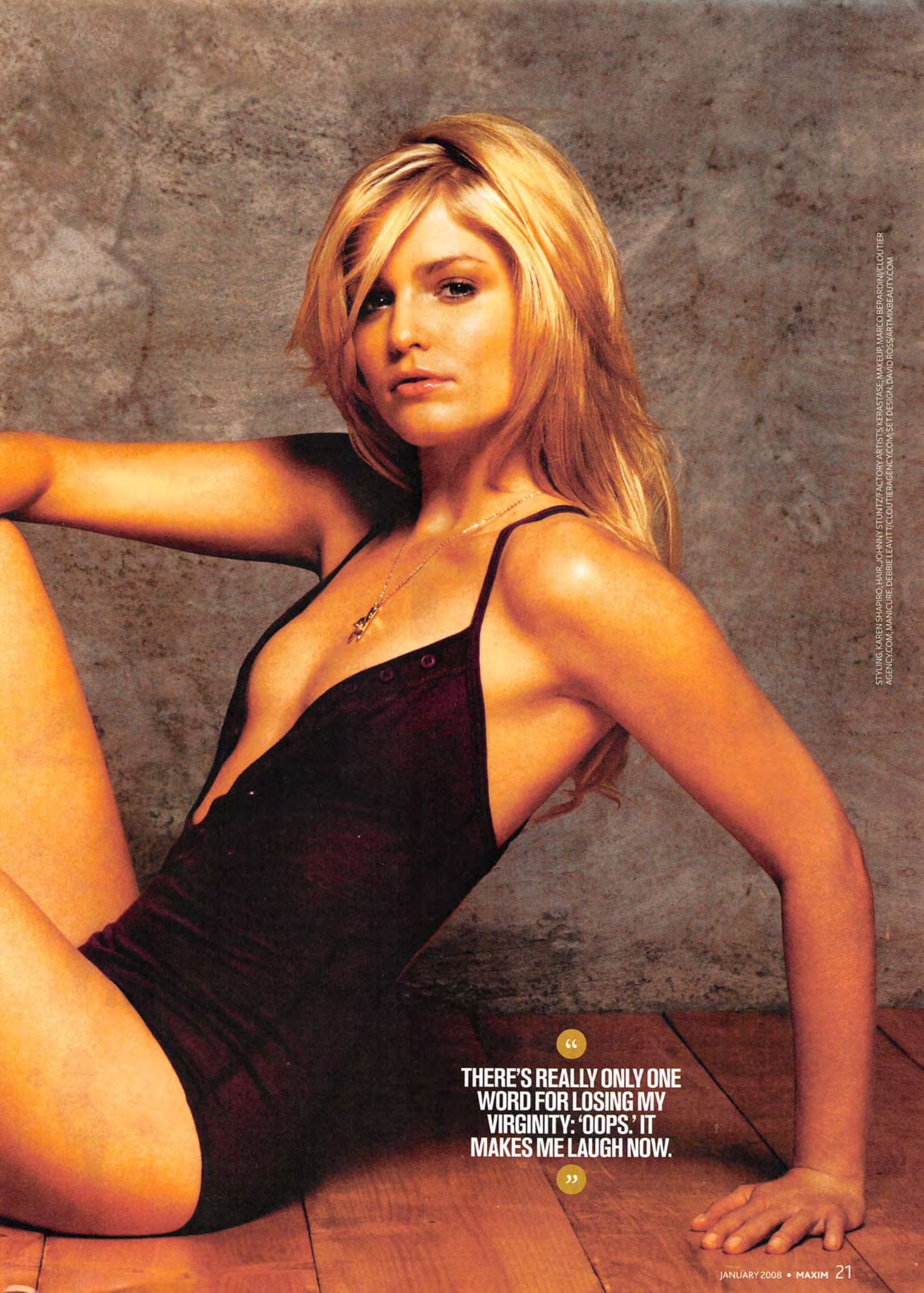
It was for this TV show *Skin*. I didn't get the job. There are a million nos before you get a yes.

First Nude Scene

I play the popular girl in *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane*, and at one point I take my shirt off. At first I went, "Eh, I don't know about the nudity thing," but I went for it. I'm not afraid of the body—I think I was European in a past life.

Can't wait for Whitney's movies to come out? For more of your favorite new starlet, check out our exclusive behind-the-scenes footage at Maxim.com.

PHOTOGRAPH, CHRIS FORTUNA



STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, JOHNNY STUNTZ/FACTORY ARTISTS/KERASTASE; MAKEUP, MARCO BERARDINI/CLOUTIER AGENCY.COM; MANICURE, DEBBIE LEAVITT/CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; SET DESIGN, DAVID ROSS/ARTMIXBEAUTY.COM

"THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE WORD FOR LOSING MY VIRGINITY: 'OOPS.' IT MAKES ME LAUGH NOW."

MAXIM'S INFERNO

If January is any indication, 2008 is going to be a hell of a year.

1. Limbo

Before you can enjoy Super Bowl XLII, you'll have to endure Fox's brand-new red carpet arrival area, and in the true spirit of the gridiron, Ryan Seacrest will be interviewing celebrities as they show up before the big game. So if you've been dying to know what the cast of *K-Ville* thinks about the Patriots secondary, this is the place for you.

2. The Lustful

Legendary madam Heidi Fleiss is looking for 20 pieces of man-meat to whore themselves out for $250 an hour (well, the house gets half) at the Stud Farm, her all-male brothel outside of Las Vegas. She's accepting applications at heidistudfarm.com. A life of genital warts and near inevitable drug addiction awaits!

3. The Gluttonous

The supersize cargo of Disneyland's It's a Small World ride seems to be causing it to bottom out and stop moving. Imagineers are closing it for a 10-month redesign that should deliver smooth sailing for fun-loving fat-asses. Disappointed park visitors are encouraged to drown their sorrows in funnel cake and turkey legs.

4. The Greedy

If you are superrich and the 17 cars in your garage aren't enough, head to Arizona for the 37th Annual Barrett-Jackson Collector Car Event this month. Car god Carroll Shelby will auction off the 1969 GT500 convertible he's owned since it rolled off the assembly line. Imagine all the weird shit you'll find in the seat cushions!

5. The Wrathful

If you enjoy pointing things out and harming people from a distance, plunk down $160 for dragonlasers.com's Viper Series 75mW Green Laser Pointer. Powered by two AAA batteries, its beam can burn plastic, pop balloons, and "sting bare skin." Who says your five-year-old niece's birthday party has to be boring?

6. The Heretics

Scientists at Hiroshima University have decided to go all Dr. Frankenstein on biology's ass. The result is the see-through frog, a "humane" research tool with transparent skin that makes dissection unnecessary. You don't encourage kids to go to school by taking away the promise of playing with razor-sharp instruments!

7. The Blasphemous

Determined to ruin the one redeemable part of their show, the *Deal or No Deal* gang will feature dog-loving, union-hating Ellen DeGeneres as their first-ever celebrity briefcase model in an episode in January. Howie Mandel responded to the landmark announcement by washing his hands for 30 straight minutes.

8. The Fraudulent

There were shattered dreams and blue balls aplenty when Singapore Airlines, fresh off of installing double beds in the first-class suites of its A380 jumbo jet, asked passengers not to screw on them. We can't help it if your smutty safety videos get us in the mood. The way that chick pulls the safety cord on her life jacket? *Gr-r-r-owl!*

9. The Traitors

Jay-Z has 99 problems, and being an America-hating traitor is one. The dollar has had more than its share of problems in the global market lately, and how does Hova help the cause of his fiscally fucked nation? By flashing a wad of euros in the "Blue Magic" video. Blue Magic? More like Pinko Commie Bastard Magic.

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BECAUSE
THEY LOVE
SELF-CONTROL.
JAMESON
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IRISH WHISKEY
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IT COULD JUST BE THE TASTE.™
PLEASE TASTE RESPONSIBLY.

If you've ever whacked it to *Tron*, we've got a girl for you

SEX MACHINES

Set your phasers on fun. Robot lovin' is on the way!

Anyone up for some cold, soulless, mechanical sex? Us too! Scientists predict men will be totally doing it with robots within five years and could be *marrying* them by 2050. "There's a trend of robots becoming more humanlike in appearance and coming more in contact with humans," says artificial-intelligence expert David Levy. "Love and sex with robots are inevitable." So just how different are "robosexuals" from the rest of us?

	HETEROSEXUAL	HOMOSEXUAL	ROBOSEXUAL
Getting Any?	Not nearly enough	More than you can imagine	Does teary-eyed masturbation count?
Spank Bank Resident	Jessica Alba	Jake Gyllenhaal	The "Moaning Lisa" sexbot, which rewards gropers with more than 200 orgasmic noises courtesy of sensors on its erogenous zones
Marriage Cheerleaders	"Marriage is a relationship preserved for a man and a woman." —*Mitt Romney*	"I am now and will forever be a total proponent of gay marriage." —*Rosie O'Donnell*	"There are people ready right now to marry sex toys."—*Georgia Tech roboticist Ronald Arkin*
Book of Love	*The Game*, by Neil Strauss	*The Joy of Gay Sex*, by Dr. Charles Silverstein and Felice Picano	*Servis Washing Machine Owner's Handbook*
Porn of Choice	*Indiana Bones and the Temple of Poon*	*Project Runway*	*Small Wonder*
Morning-After Activity	Make up excuse to get home in time to watch the game	Enjoy egg-white omelets and mimosas at brunch	Relube her actuators
Best Pickup Line	"I was just about to take my limo to my yacht to my plane to Oprah's house. Wanna come?"	"Hello."	"01100011011011110110110101100101000000011010000110010101110010011002"

TRENDSTOPPING

Chicks With Tattoos of Other Chicks

Girl-on-girl action that nobody wants to see.

It seemed like a good idea at the time

Amy Winehouse

Megan Fox

Kat Von D

What was once the tat of choice for Mexican gang-bangers and guys who hang drywall is lately being sported by starlets who might have been wearing Kabbalah bracelets just a few years ago. While girl-on-girl ink action certainly beats a FRANK WAS HERE tramp stamp above the butt crack, our attitude toward tattoos on women is the same as clothes: Less is more. So, ladies, the next time you stumble drunkenly into a tattoo shop, instead of getting the giant Vargas girl on your forearm to inspire you to "take charge," go for a Japanese character on the back of your neck...or not. Honestly, we'll sleep with you either way. Not interested? Didn't think so.

#2 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

How do you make candy better? Add pork.

"Breathe...engage your five senses, close your eyes, and inhale deeply. Be in the present moment, notice the color of the chocolate, the glossy shine. Rub your thumb over the chocolate bar to release the aromas of smoked applewood bacon flirting with deep milk chocolate. Snap off just a tiny piece and place it in your mouth, let the lust of salt and sweet coat your tongue."—*Mo's Bacon Bar* description at vosgeschocolate.com, $7.

A salty-sweet treat that's better than crack. Almost.

ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO

A not-at-all-creepy note to our favorite Brazilian Victoria's Secret supermodel.

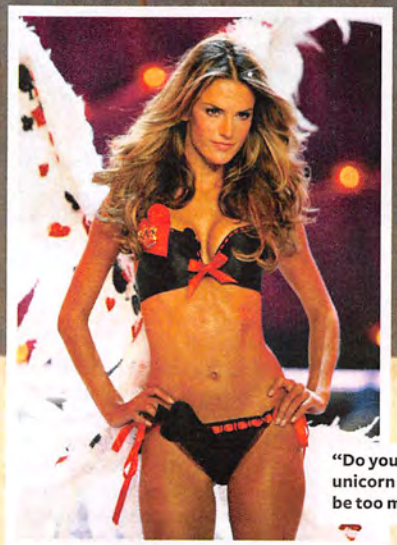
Dear Alessandra,

Sometimes when we're lonely, we read the short bio of you that we've carved onto our forearm. You were born in Brazil in 1981 and began taking modeling classes at age 12, eventually turning heads at the Elite Model Look '96 contest in France. And right here by the crook of our elbow it says that you were so sensitive about your ears that you had them pinned back when you were 11. So cute!

Most people know you as the Victoria's Secret babe who has graced the covers of *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, and international editions of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Elle*. But only truly obsessed fans like us spotted you playing yourself on *Entourage*, as a "Tennis Girl" in *Casino Royale*, and opposite Regis Philbin in a Hummer H2 commercial. Hey, is it true he smells like BenGay?

Anyways, we just wanted to say hey. Judging from your picture on this page, you're still working on that gorgeous tan! Just remember to wear sunscreen, preferably with an SPF of at least 25. Need some help getting the small of your back? Seriously, tell us where you are and we're on a jet.

Love Ya
Maxim



"Do you think a unicorn horn would be too much?"

Later Rocky and Clubber Lang got into a nasty Parcheesi brawl

HOOKS-N-ROOKS

Le-e-e-e-t's get ready to...um, play chess!

Does playing chess make you want to punch someone in the face? Then get involved with chessboxing, a real sport where competitors alternate four-minute rounds of speed chess with three-minute rounds of boxing.

"What makes a good chess boxer is the combination of being physically trained and cold-blooded," says competitor and spokesman Andreas Dilschneider. "You come out of the boxing round, and the adrenaline tells you, 'Come on, fight! Kick his ass!' But you have to cool down; it's chess." If you'd like to be pummeled and/or checkmated by this psycho, sign up at wcbo.org.—*Adam Winer*

Jail Bait

Dirt-poor Nicaraguans get rich fishing for cocaine.

The Scheme

Impoverished Nicaraguan fishermen have taken to hunting "white lobster," 75-pound bags of pure Colombian cocaine that wash ashore after drug runners being pursued by Feds throw them overboard. What do they do with it? Sell it right back to the Colombians, of course.

The Payoff

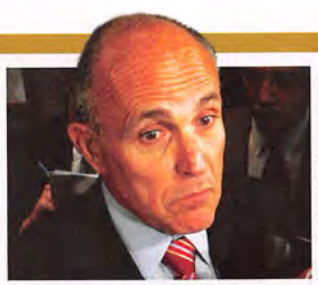
The traffickers buy their stuff back at $3,000 to $5,000 a kilo, a fraction of its street value but a fortune to the fishermen. Houses that look like they belong in a Miami suburb now dwarf neighboring tin-roofed shanties, and their occupants watch flat-screen TVs hooked up to satellite dishes.

The Result

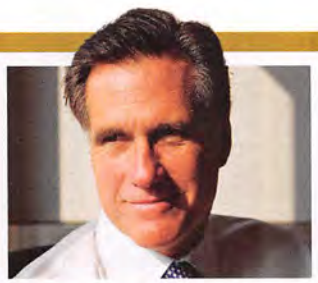
Everybody wins! Smugglers get their cargo, fishermen live like suburbanites, and twitchy Wall Street dudes stay pumped. Sure, crack addiction and gang activity are on the rise, but as one church pastor said, "Life is plenty better than before."

Head of State

Which candidate has the best head for politics? We asked Sy Sperling, former president of the Hair Club for Men—and still a client.



• Rudy Giuliani



• Mitt Romney

• Fred Thompson

I like that he cut it short, because when he was combing it over, it was like the great cover-up. If you're covering up your bald spot, what about your politics? Are you being forthright about everything you believe in? Can we trust your political points of view?

I look at him as a perfect Hair Club for Men "after" shot. And the perfect "before" shot would be Fred Thompson. Mitt's got a great overall look, but it's too perfect. He'd probably be better off taking over the Hair Club than running for president of the United States.

His thinning hair doesn't bode well for his run, and I also think he has a very tired look. He just doesn't look like he has the right energy level for president. He has these very heavy bags under his eyes, and the thinning hair makes it look like he's got too many miles on his treads.

2007 THE YEAR IN BALLS

It was a tough one for spherical objects.

December 31
A bunch of people stand around in the cold and wait for Dick Clark's ball to drop. Gross.

January 1
After harsh criticism from Shaq and others, the NBA discontinues the use of a new synthetic basketball and goes back to the original. Despite our harsh criticism, Kazaam is still available at video stores.

February 1
An Internet video shows how to unlock a car door using a tennis ball. Poke a hole in the ball, line up the hole with the keyhole, press with all your weight, and—presto!—you're doing five years for grand theft auto.

February 18
An uproar is heard when the Newbery Medal, the most prestigious award in children's literature, is awarded to *The Higher Power of Lucky*, a novel for 10-year-old girls that contains the word scrotum.

May 7
In the only exciting thing that has ever happened in the world of soccer, phenom Freddy Adu is struck in the head with a golf ball while hitting the links with his Salt Lake City teammates.

June 17
A Texas fan walks into a Sooners bar and—shocker!—a fight erupts. The Sooner allegedly grabs the Longhorn by the scrotum and literally rips his balls out. This is why we never take our balls to bars.

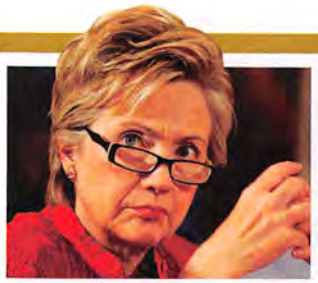
August 1
The 25th annual Testicle Festival in Montana kicks off with wet T-shirt contests, topless oil wrestling, and a deep-fried bull testicle eating contest. Call us when there's a deep-fried testicle oil wrestling contest.

September 10
Extreme Brazilian: In Florida a convicted rapist agrees to be castrated in exchange for a reduced sentence. Still hoping for the "and then was eaten by a gator" news follow-up.

September 15
Designer Marc Ecko buys Barry Bonds' 756th home run ball for $752,467 and gives it to the Baseball Hall of Fame with a large red asterisk emblazoned on it. Might want to see a doctor about that.

October 8
The question "Are testicles separate or connected?" appears on Yahoo!'s Answers forum. Maxim editors quietly await an answer.

YAHOO!



Hillary Clinton

Her hair is too premeditated. It's dated and nonspontaneous. Even as an expert, I'm having a hard time figuring out whether she's wearing a wig or not. I've never seen it move. Her hairstyle is too anal; her way of dressing is too anal. I mean, c'mon! Cut loose, baby.

John Edwards

He's a Democrat with a Republican hairstyle. It doesn't fit. His style was good in the '80s or '90s. Instead of spending $400 on maintaining his perfect hair, he needs a change more than anybody. Kerry and Edwards were like Batman and Robin. But he isn't Robin anymore.

Barack Obama

Barack is one of the coolest dudes. He's got short hair, and it helps him appeal to everybody: whites, blacks, Hispanics, upper-class, middle-class. There's not one candidate whose hairstyle really impresses me, but he's doing the smartest thing with his hair.

BIG NUMBER

33

Percentage of women who have sex on the first date after meeting someone online, according to a study published in the journal *Sexuality Research and Social Policy.*

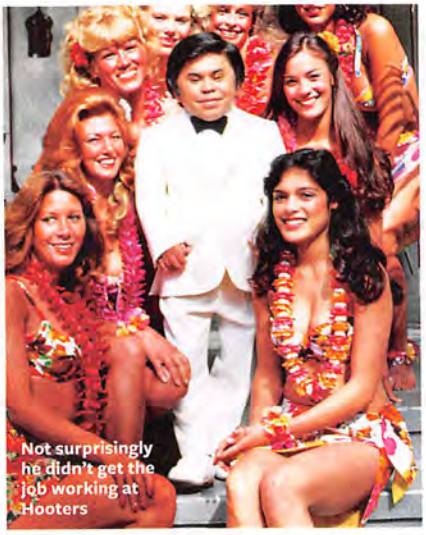
ASK MAXIM

From scoring human growth hormone to guarding your gut, we answer your most urgent questions.

HOW CAN I GET A PRESCRIPTION FOR HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE?

Marc Thompson, Philadelphia, PA

Sorry, Marc, unless you are lucky enough to be a preteen with dwarfism or someone suffering from a body-wasting illness like full-blown AIDS, you're out of the running for an HGH prescription. And forget that faux HGH that you can order off the Internet in pill or spray form (it's usually labeled "homeopathic" or an "amino acid releaser"); the real stuff is injected, which stimulates the pituitary gland to grow cells, bones, muscles, and organs throughout the body. Short-term side effects can include acromegaly, an overgrowth of bones and connective tissue that causes a Cro-Magnon-like protruding jaw and eyebrows. But even if you don't mind looking like a Geico flack, keep in mind that illegal possession of HGH could land you behind bars for up to five years. The good news? You'll get totally ripped working out in the prison yard!



Not surprisingly he didn't get the job working at Hooters

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES I'LL GET BUSTED FOR ILLEGALLY DOWNLOADING TUNES?

Brian Raddison, Greensboro, NC

It's about as likely as Rosie O'Donnell giving any human male an erection. "Even with the aggressive legal tactics of the big record companies, the chances of getting caught are very low," says intellectual property attorney Robert Pluta. But if you are unlucky enough to be singled out, that Hilary Duff single you ripped off Limewire could cost more than just your dignity. In the only case that has ever gone to trial, 30-year-old single mom Jammie Thomas was ordered to pay six record companies $222,000 for posting 24 songs on her Kazaa file-sharing account (that's $9,250 a tune). Thomas, who has vowed to appeal the decision all the way to the Supreme Court, was busted after ignoring an instant message warning her that she was violating copyright law. So if you ever get one of those, throw your computer out the window immediately.

BETTER THAN REAL LIFE

Resort, spa, beach, lounge...

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online at www.maximbungalows.com/maxim

"It's OK, really. A lot of guys wet the bed."

HOW DO I MAKE MY SPERM TASTE BETTER?

Stan Dixon, Lubbock, TX

For your own or someone else's pleasure? Actually, don't answer that, you freak. To discover what will make your spunk taste less like junk, we spoke to Molly Morgan, a registered dietitian and owner of Creative Nutrition Solutions. "Strong-flavored foods like garlic, onions, and coffee can negatively impact the taste of bodily fluids," a cleary creeped-out Morgan told us. For more enticing ejaculate, she recommends drinking lots of water and eating sweet fruits like pineapples, mangoes, and blackberries. Also best to avoid smoking cigarettes and eating really stinky cheese, no matter how tempting that may be. Now excuse us while we go gargle for about three hours.

Ignore the "sausage" with a fingernail on it

HOW LONG UNTIL THE MEAT LOVER'S PIZZA I JUST INHALED TURNS INTO BLUBBER?

Patrick Connelly, Kenosha, WI

Each wonderfully greasy triangle of pepperoni, beef, sausage, ham, bacon, and cheese has close to 530 delicious calories, which means a whole pie clocks in at 4,240 big ones. There are about 3,500 calories in a pound of fat, so congrats, Pat, you've just managed to add a first-trimester baby to your gut. Junior will likely bloat your stomach for three hours as it's broken down and passed on to your small intestine. Another three hours in your bowels, and what's left gets processed by the liver and into eventual fat and... Look, basically it takes two days before it turns to blubber, you fat bastard. Go on a diet already.

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OUTLETS
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No worries. With 2 AA batteries you can dock and charge your iPod anywhere, anytime.
Energi To Go
portable power for iPod
Energizer
MORE HOURS OF MUSIC!
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Have you bonded with another dipper?

Yesterday.

What was the occasion?

Doing 83 in a 65.

What did you take away from it?

One less pinch. And just a warning.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A SAFE ALTERNATIVE TO CIGARETTES

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PAGE 36 MUSIC 2008'S HOTTEST NEW ALBUMS
PAGE 37 369 MOBY AND BOND ARE ON DECK

RATED

{YOUR ULTIMATE ENTE THORITY}

MAXIM CERTIFIED!

MOUTH OF THE SOUTH

Is Lil Wayne the greatest rapper alive? He'll be the judge of that.

YOU SAY YOU'RE THE BEST. EXACTLY HOW COMPETITIVE ARE YOU?

It's not about competitiveness, 'cause that would mean "to compete." Y'all got me all wrong. I'm not competitive, 'cause there's no competition. I don't give a fuck who your best rapper is, I will annihilate him. Even if it's me.

A FEW SONGS FROM YOUR NEW ALBUM HAVE LEAKED. HOW ARE YOU DEALING?

We're calling the album *The Leak*, and it will include those songs. You're going to get a few new joints on there, but I ain't even gonna lie—I'm upset I have to do that. This bootlegging shit is a gift and a curse. My mama's telling me to look at it like, "At least that means they want it." But at the same time, my daughter, family, and friends have to eat off of it.

WHAT IF PEOPLE COMPLAIN YOU'RE NOT GIVING THEM NEW MUSIC?

I wouldn't give a fuck, 'cause when you listen to the songs that are leaked, you hear my effort, and you should respect it. I don't care if it was leaked or comes out years from now—what's said is said. I'm not gonna sit here and praise the album, but I'm gonna tell you to go get it, because it is me at my best.

WHAT DID YOU LEARN ABOUT YOURSELF WHILE RECORDING IT?

Why would I tell you what I'm thinking? It comes out on the beats. An interviewer is supposed to ask questions like, "What are you doing?" I got *The Leak* coming out. We're talking to a couple of movie peoples. I got my own clothing company, liquor-champagne, and shoe coming out. I'm single, looking, and I swear to God, I will fucking piss off whatever woman it shall be. That's an interview, my nigga. Don't try to get in my mind.—*Ben Detrick*

The Leak drops December 18.

"OK—who needed the urine sample?"

"Honest, Ms. Spears—we're out of Fluffernutters!"

THE BLAIR WITCH 2.0

Lost mind-tripper J. J. Abrams talks about his big-screen beast.

The best thing about *Transformers* wasn't Megan Fox's washboard abs, but a preview that screened beforehand. The jumpy camcorder footage of a monster attacking Manhattan was far scarier than the 'bots—even though the monster was never shown. So began one of the sneakiest marketing campaigns since the Blair Witch started rustling around in the woods. (At press time the movie's official title was allegedly *Cloverfield*.) "The idea is to surprise people," says producer Abrams, no stranger to pulling fast ones on crowds. "This is a monster movie, but you've definitely never seen it done this way." In other words, the entire movie, like the preview, is shot as if the characters were holding the camera themselves. "The scope is massive, but it's also very human—and more intense and scary because of that perspective." The real question: Can the flick live up to the insane Internet hype? Yes, says Abrams: "The creature is as shocking and unexpected as the preview."—*Robert Levine*

Daniel Dick-Lewis

Daniel Day-Lewis' portrayal of a massive prick in *There Will Be Blood* is fueled by plenty of practice.

Movie: Gandhi (1982)
Prick: South African tough guy Colin
Prickery: Gandhi wouldn't have been Gandhi if people didn't torture him, and Colin was just the man for the job—even though he got scolded by his mommy for it.

Movie: My Left Foot (1989)
Prick: Moody quadriplegic Christy Brown
Prickery: Prone to dropping F-bombs and downing whiskey, Christy was equal parts inspirational and hateful. You would be, too, if you had to wipe your ass with your foot.

Movie: Gangs of New York (2002)
Prick: Wild-eyed Bill "the Butcher" Cutting
Prickery: Though oddly lovable, Bill was Satan in a top hat. He ran N.Y.C.'s Five Points slum with an iron fist, silly whiskers, and an ability to throw knives with deadly accuracy.

"Nope, never heard of Selsun Blue. Why?"

The Checkup

Sorting through the cinematic heap.

	Plot revolves around a covert operation	Actors wear scary costumes	Will turn cineplexes into dork magnets	Edward Scissorhands sings with Borat	Ultraviolent but high-minded	Implies the U.S. is responsible for the Taliban	OUR TAKE
Sweeney Todd Depp and Burton team up yet again on this adaptation of the grisly musical about a murderous barber. OK, guys, we get it—you're eccentric.		✓		✓	✓		The Burton-Depp combo is hit or miss, and a pale, crooning Johnny didn't work in *The Corpse Bride*. But turning douchebags into meat pies? Pretty cool.
Fanboys Set in 1998, *Fanboys* follows Kristen Bell and a gaggle o' geeks as they try to steal a copy of *Star Wars: Episode I* from Skywalker Ranch.	✓	✓	✓				Yes, she's hot, but Kristen Bell hasn't brought the funny in a flick yet, you say? Whatever, Ebert. Veronica Mars can wield our lightsabers any day.
Charlie Wilson's War Tom Hanks plays a U.S. Congressman who secretly arms the mujahedin in Afghanistan. U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S....Oh, wait.	✓				✓	✓	We hope Hanks' giant dome and Julia Roberts' massive mouth won't distract from the usually superb Philip Seymour Hoffman as a sleazy CIA spook.
Aliens vs. Predator: Requiem This rematch between the galaxy's deadliest box office mutants stars a cast of slaughterific no-names!		✓	✓				Reagan was prez the last time a great movie starred an Alien *or* a Predator, so here's hoping the R rating harks back to their chest-mangling roots.

BROWN SUGAR

You'll fall hard for the star of this month's *Timber Falls*.

In Hollywood it helps to have friends in high places. Just ask Brianna Brown, who, after appearing in the 1999 pilot episode of *Freaks and Geeks*, hit it off with Leslie Mann—the wife of the show's creator, Judd Apatow. Today she's a member of Apatow's tightly knit comedy mafia: In *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, she donned a wig as one of Mann's friends in a now-infamous bar scene, and in last year's *Knocked Up* she appeared as lead character Alison's friend at a nightclub. "Leslie actually recommended me for Katherine Heigl's part in *Knocked Up*, but that didn't happen, obviously," Brianna says. Still, after racking up bit parts in blockbuster comedies, the Minnesota native is finally becoming a name of her own, first starring in this month's *Timber Falls*, a *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*–esque slasher flick in which a young couple on a camping trip is terrorized by deranged locals. Then she'll appear in *The Last Tribe*, about a bunch of scientists who become shipwrecked on an island and are hunted by, um, deranged locals. The ironic twist? She loathes the genre. "To be honest, I can't watch horror movies," she admits. "I get too scared and scream in the theater. It's ridiculous." She may not watch, but we will.—*Alison Prato*

To see what went down at Brianna's photo shoot, head to maximonline.com for exclusive video.

BRIANNA SHOT *TIMBER FALLS* IN ROMANIA, WHERE SHE WAS SLATHERED DAILY IN FAKE BLOOD.

Actually, the scaffolding erected itself

PHOTOGRAPH, CHRIS FORTUNA; STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, JOHNNY STUNTZ/FACTORY ARTISTS/KERASTASE; MAKEUP, MARCO BERARDINI/CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; MANICURE, DEBBIE LEAVITT/CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; SET DESIGN, DAVID ROSS/ARTMIXBEAUTY.COM

Lawless hits bookstores December 26.

BREAKIN' THE LAW

Eyeball an annotated excerpt of *Lawless*, the year's most criminally good graphic novel.

THERE WERE STILL TWO HOURS UNTIL THE MEET-UP BEFORE THE JOB.
BUT THE STREETS WERE MOSTLY DESERTED ALREADY, EXCEPT FOR A FEW LAST MINUTE SHOPPERS.
CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY FELT JUST AS EMPTY AS IT ALWAYS HAD.
HE WAS TIRED OF LIES... HE'D NEVER BEEN VERY GOOD AT THEM.
BUT ALL OF THAT WAS OVER, OR WOULD BE SOON.
BECAUSE NO ONE WAS GOING TO BE IN TOUCH WITH SIMON UNTIL THE SPLIT...
...SO NO ONE WOULD MISS HIM.
OLD FUCKING PERV...
FINALLY, TRACY COULD ASK HIS QUESTIONS DIRECTLY.

Army of One
This trench-coated tough guy is Tracy Lawless (get it?), an ex-Army badass who left a trail of bodies from Bosnia to Baghdad. He's back on the streets after doing a stretch in the brig for committing a crime that Pentagon brass wanted covered up.

The Trench Connection
Writer Ed Brubaker and artist Sean Phillips were inspired by hard-boiled '70s crime flicks like *The Long Goodbye* while creating their gritty cityscapes. *Lawless* is Vol. 2 in their *Criminal* saga, but they're stand-alone stories, so you don't need to play catch-up.

It's a Sin
The noirish world of sex and violence has readers comparing it to Frank Miller's *Sin City*. That's fine by Miller, who wrote *Lawless'* introduction. The first book in this series, *Coward*, earned two trophies at the Eisner Awards, the comic book Oscars.

Undercover Brother
Lawless is a man on a mission: to avenge the murder of his small-time hood kid brother, Ricky, who was killed by a member of the criminal crew he was in. Lawless has to pose as the gang's newest member to find out who exactly pulled the trigger.

Simon Says
Meet Simon, the head of Ricky's crew and Lawless' prime suspect in his bro's murder. Between the big score he's got planned and his, um, punishing extra-curricular activities, there's no way Simon could be onto Lawless' cloak-and-dagger routine...right?

Pulp Fiction
With no spandex-clad superheroics or *New Yorker*–approved smugness in sight, *Lawless* is part of a new wave of graphic novels taking comics out of both the art house and the Android's Dungeon. It's like *The Wire*, but with drawings.—*Sean T. Collins*

Dirty Pictures

Finally, an art book that's badass enough for your coffee table.

Vice, the second-toughest magazine in town, is packing 13 years of hot, hilarious, and disturbing images into *The Vice Photo Book*, a 336-page sex- and blood-soaked monster. Enjoy pics by flesh-loving photographers such as Terry Richardson alongside provocative photos from the music and fashion underworlds. It's definitive proof that there's room in art museums for creepy-ass clowns.

Jeepers, the circus has really gone south

"Sorry, operator, I don't get *Donnie Darko* either."

UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Se7en helmer David Fincher investigates his *Zodiac: Director's Cut*.

Scene 1 | The knife attack at Lake Berryessa

"That's the scene people are most upset by. I think it's the executioner's costume. Shooting in the actual place was odd, and when you have to choreograph the stabbing...What a horrible thing to go through. When I was growing up in Marin County, that murder was mythologized. Its location changed depending on where your summer camp was."

Scene 2 | The cops grill Arthur Leigh Allen

"John Carroll Lynch was consciously playing somebody who was wrongfully accused, and it was amazing because he looked even *more* guilty. He brought in these sociopathic hints, like the androgyny of the way he crosses his legs. I told him, 'Try it as a guy who just does not like to be bossed around.' Whether or not he was Zodiac, he had things to hide."

Scene 3 | Panic in suspect Bob Vaughn's house

"It's amazing that Robert Graysmith, a newspaper cartoonist, would put himself in that situation. I think it speaks to his naiveté. The scene is anathema to the police procedural, but we were always fighting this knowledge that it's a good bet people don't want a movie that doesn't have any exploding planes or lovers getting together."—*Mike Olson*

Q & A

Best Westerner

Ben Foster deserves an Oscar for his breakout role in *3:10 to Yuma*. Why?

He enjoyed burning a guy alive. "This man is in the way of the thing my character, Charlie, cares most about, and making someone pay for that is always satisfying. But that mind-set can be tricky when you're done. It's not like I'm going around thinking of shooting the bellboy, but it takes a bit of rewiring."

He'd never ridden a horse before. "If you want to do something right, you practice. We worked with master horsemen—real fucking cowboys. The first day I rode for six hours, the next day eight hours. I was black and blue from groin to knee. I couldn't walk. You just get back on the horse—and take some Advil and a shot of whiskey at the end of the day."

There were no conjugal visits. "That was brutal! The only two women on our set were taken. Yeah, it was a very high-testosterone set. We definitely cruised into the city on weekends to hunt."—*M.O.*

3:10 to Yuma is on DVD January 8.

The Forgotten

With *The Jason Bourne Collection* now out on DVD, there's no better time to salute these other movie amnesiacs.

Douglas Quaid

Movie: *Total Recall*
Foggy facts: A futuristic Arnold Schwarzenegger's virtual vacation triggers repressed memories of being a rebel fighter on Mars. But does he remember to shoot fake wife Sharon Stone in her frizzy head?
Remember this: "If I am not me, who da hell am I?"

Leonard Shelby

Movie: *Memento*
Foggy facts: You've got to respect a man (Guy Pearce) who can remain hellbent on revenge for his wife's murder even though he can't quite remember why he wants it.
Remember this: "Next time I see you, I'm not going to remember this conversation."

Joel Barish

Movie: *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*
Foggy facts: Lovelorn and sick of it, Joel pays a mysterious company to erase all the memories of his eccentric ex. He loses points for promptly pussing out and regretting his decision.
Remember this: "Please, let me keep this memory."

Kermit the Frog

Movie: *The Muppets Take Manhattan*
Foggy facts: Giddy after nailing funding for his musical, Kermit runs into traffic and gets brained by a taxi. A career in the surprisingly frog-filled advertising world follows.
Remember this: "Me? In love with a pig? Wait'll I tell the guys in marketing!"

EAR CANDY 2008

The music industry may be sinking, but we've found plenty of reasons to get on board with five of this year's most hotly anticipated releases.

THIS YEAR METALLICA IS ELIGIBLE FOR THE ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME.

James Hetfield: Lord of the Dance!

01

Metallica • As-yet-untitled ninth studio album

The skinny: After parting ways with longtime guru Bob Rock, the thrash metal icons have been toiling under the watchful eye—and beard—of celebrated producer Rick Rubin for nearly a year.
Why we're excited: The collection is rumored to include 10-minute songs that'll make our eyes bleed, *Master of Puppets*–style. So what if they're on the wrong side of 40? Old guys rock—just ask Lemmy!

02

U2 • As-yet-untitled 12th studio album

The skinny: Bono et al. cut tracks with—who else?—Rick Rubin and are now working with producer Daniel Lanois and engineer Brian Eno.
Why we're excited: It's been four years since the Biggest Band in the Galaxy released an album. Plus, Lanois and Eno were the guys behind the boards for U2's best, including *The Joshua Tree* and *Achtung Baby*. As long as Bono keeps the geo-babble to a minimum, this one's a no-brainer.

03

Dr. Dre • Detox

The skinny: The good doctor's long-awaited album is the most delayed record not called *Chinese Democracy*, but he swears the hip-hopera will drop in 2008. He also told us we were getting a pony for Christmas.
Why we're excited: Dre showed up to the MTV VMAs armed with a wry smile, *Detox* promises, and roughly 40 pounds of new muscle. Here's hoping it's because there's a Bowflex in his studio.

04

Weezer • As-yet-untitled sixth studio album

The skinny: After the anticlimactic release of *Alone: The Home Recordings of Rivers Cuomo*, we couldn't wait for the Harvard-educated meditator to team back up with his band of geek rockers. Having that Rick Rubin guy in the producing chair won't hurt, either.
Why we're excited: *Alone* was scary and sad, but Weezer's last few have been all about guitars. Six is sure to offer the best of both worlds.

05

Gnarls Barkley • The Odd Couple

The skinny: The freaks behind "Crazy," Danger Mouse and Cee-Lo Green, are always secretive about all things Barkley. But word is album No. 2 has been in the works (recorded mostly in Atlanta) for over a year.
Why we're excited: They won't strike gold with another song about being bat-shit insane. But *St. Elsewhere* was an amazing pop album that refused to dislodge itself from our heads. So, fingers crossed.

Playlist

For your aural pleasure, here's what else is dropping this month.

Cat Power • Jukebox • **Matador**

●●●◐○

Cat Power's *The Covers Record* was a favorite of clove-smoking hipster depressives; her second album of other people's tunes, *Jukebox*, is less of a bummer. Her "New York" rediscovers the Sinatra classic's seedy underbelly, and Dylan's "I Believe in You" rocks with stormy guitars and a tough backbeat. On this one Cat scratches as much as she purrs.—*David Peisner*

The Whigs • Mission Control • **ATO**

●●●●○

After recording their debut in an abandoned U. of Georgia frat house, the Whigs stepped into a real studio for this one, and the results are excellent. Frontman Parker Gispert has a great rock growl—equal parts Frank Black and ornery grizzly—and he knows how to unleash it all over meaty riffs and thundering beats. It's simple, unhyphenated rock.—*D.P.*

Music Math

The Libertines • Time for Heroes – The Best of the Libertines • **Rough Trade**

If you're thinking, *The Libertines have enough songs for a greatest hits album?* you're not alone. But with three never-released tracks, Pete Doherty and Co.'s warts-and-all set shows they were more than just a tabloid train wreck.

3 MONTHS | 6 MONTHS | 9 MONTHS

The future of pop culture, filed and sorted for your anticipatory pleasure.

GET PSYCHED FOR

Forgetting Sarah Marshall

Considering that Judd Apatow produces and Jonah Hill costars in this flick about a recently dumped musician (Jason Segel), it should be full of the same bawdy sentimentality that made *Knocked Up* and *Superbad* instant classics.

Important Things With Demetri Martin

The hipster comedy phenom has been given the keys to his own sketch show courtesy of Comedy Central. If you're sick of Carlos Mencia's lame-ass rants and *SNL*'s unevenness, here's the cure.

Street Fighter IV

It's been eight years—eons in video game time—since the last full-fledged new edition of *Street Fighter*. So this reboot has visions of HD yoga flames and "hadukens" giving shut-ins and former arcade bandits the cold sweats.

STAY AWAY FROM

Assault on Reason

Al Gore's latest attack on our ability to stay awake brings another dose of whiny elitism. So what's new? This time it's in book form! Listen, Al, if you want to run for president, do it before you're mistaken for a Lunesta tablet.

Last Night

Bald electro-popster Moby's newest album sounds like it's going to drip with all the pretension you'd expect. Case in point: There's reportedly a 75-minute "bonus" track. The other songs we'll probably hear on Kia commercials.

National Lampoon's 301

Kevin Dillon takes a break from *Entourage* for this spoof of sword-and-sandals epics such as *300* and *Gladiator*. Too bad that ain't exactly ripe satire material, and Lampoon hasn't come out with a funny movie since *Van Wilder*.

TIME WILL TELL

Knight Rider

Everything else is a remake, so why not get *Bourne* producer Doug Liman to turn the wonderfully cheesy '80s series into a TV movie? We hope newcomer Justin Bruening can channel David Hasselhoff's swagger—and chest hair.

Tropic Thunder

A summertime farce about movie stars forced to become the commandos they're portraying? Chawsome! With Ben Stiller acting, directing, and producing, however, let's pray for *Zoolander at War*...not *Night at the Latrine*.

James Bond Novel

To celebrate the 100th birthday of Bond's creator, Ian Fleming's estate is seeking out a novelist to pen a new, one-off book. "Heresy!" purists cry. They're the same geeks who didn't want blond badass Daniel Craig in 007's tux.

STUFF

{FILL YOUR INNER EMPTINESS WITH MATERIAL GOODS}

SPEED RACER

Say hello to the fastest Japanese import ever.

You don't hear the phrase "Japanese muscle car" much. But they do exist, and with an estimated top speed of 190 mph, Nissan's new GT-R is the most jacked-up of the bunch. It invokes a line of Godzilla-powerful cars dating back to 1969, when Nissan gifted a humble salaryman sedan with a sports car engine. The '09 model is part track star, part video game, and all awesome. And best of all, at a starting price of around $70,000, it might just be the supercar bargain of *this* century.

SPEC CHECK

Price: $70,000
Engine: Twin turbocharged, intercooled DOHC 24-valve V-6
Torque: 434 lb.-ft. at 3,200 rpm
Horsepower: 480
0–60 mph: 3.5 seconds
Top speed: 190 mph (est.)
Available: June 2008

The Power Plant

The 3.8-liter aluminum-clad V-6 is a high-tech beast, cranking out 480 horsepower and 434 foot-pounds of torque. It's endowed with one turbocharger for each bank of cylinders—in other words, two of them—computer-controlled goodies like variable-valve timing, and cylinder bores sprayed with a space-age plasma material that greatly reduces friction. We're sure Pops Racer would approve. Ha ha!

Design Cues

Nissan designers created a futuristic and functional car that still manages to pay homage to GT-Rs of the past. Those aesthetes who believe the classic Jaguar XKE is the pinnacle of automotive design may be disturbed by some of the jarring lines, but engineers wind-tunnel-tuned the body shape to reduce drag to levels barely beaten by the near-frictionless Toyota Prius. 'Course this car goes a *hair* quicker.

Underpinnings

Like the tranny, the four-wheel independent suspension with electronically controlled shocks offers three modes: normal/sport for automatic damping; comfort for when the boss is on board; and R, or race mode, which dials maximum damping for high-speed cornering. Stopping power comes from 15-inch vented discs underneath wide, nitrogen-filled run-flats. You see room for a spare tire?

BY MIKE SPINELLI

Developers of the video game *Gran Turismo* helped design the dash display.

The last thing you'll see before soiling your pleated Dockers. Next stop, Kohl's!

Not-so-standard equipment, standard: a carbon-fiber underbody aids in aerodynamics.

Transmission
The GT-R's engine is mated to a six-speed, dual-clutch manumatic. That means there's no clutch pedal, so shifting is done by pounding the paddles on either side of the wheel. Three driver-selectable gear modes handle almost any situation: normal; snow for managing torque output to reduce wheel spin; and R, or race, which facilitates gear swaps in 0.2 seconds. Think of the time you'll save!

Econobox Fever-san!

The market for once-forgotten Japanese imports from the '60s and '70s is heating up. Buy now.

1968–73 Datsun 510
Once upon a time, these boxy sedans were everywhere, including on the Trans Am racing circuit. Now they're a hit with vintage racers and are often tweaked out to the max. Expect to pay $3,000 to $12,000. (Expensive repairs extra.)

1970–77 Toyota Celica GT
Built in coupe and liftback form, early Celica models are beloved for their quirky design, decent fuel economy, and reliable kick. If you have a yen for one of these "Japanese Mustangs," you'll be shelling out from $1,500 to $6,000. *Kojimas!*

POINT & SHOUT!

Brit punk rockers Art Brut destroy the new digicams.

Pocket cameras are built to take great party pictures under tough conditions—and what's more fun and abusive than a band's 26-city tour? So after we tested these shooters ourselves, we solicited a second opinion from our fave rock jesters, Art Brut. They lugged the cameras on the road and shot photos of backstage, barroom, and house party debauchery. (Some pics contained material not suitable for printing.)

Our photographers: Watch your ass, Leibovitz!

Casio Exilim EX-V8, $300

At a full inch thick, the V8 is stockier than its competitors, but the added bulk also gives this cam an edge: A 7x optical zoom was by far the most powerful in our test and helped avoid a fuzzy, beer-goggle effect when fully zoomed. The V8's 8.1-megapixel image quality was terrific, but its 2.5-inch LCD screen wasn't. Operation is simple, especially the "Best Shot" mode, where you select from 34 scenes and let the camera take care of the settings. Prefer moving pictures? There's a YouTube preset that records in the optimal resolution and compression for online sharing. Bundled software allowed us to make direct, easy uploads. (Sorry, Mom!) ●●●●◐

Art Brut: "We didnt use the YouTube feature. The dumb things we do always end up there. That keg stand was ironic!" says singer Eddie Argos. "It could use an 'on' button instead of a sliding lens cap," adds bassist Freddy Feedback.

Panasonic Lumix DMC-FX55K, $350

We were underwhelmed with the Lumix's middle-of-the-road size and weight (5.1 oz). Plus it's equipped with a tiny four-direction switch that makes navigation annoying. So why were we impressed? Because pictures are the priority. The 8.1-megapixel camera boasts a 28 mm lens from hallowed optics maker Leica, and it shows. The images are sharp and vivid, whether pulled back to fit in additional scenery (the Lumix offered the widest angle in our test) or zoomed in all the way to 3.6x. The face detection, which can recognize up to 15 people within the same frame, was the best of the test, and we found the three-inch screen ultra crisp. ●●●●○

AB: "Can we keep this one? Proper lens, sharp photos. It's a bit slow to act between shots, though. I tried to take pictures of the boys on a roller coaster," Feedback says. "But by the time the camera refocused, they were gone!"

Nikon Coolpix S51C, $330

This wi-fi-enabled 8.1-megapixel shooter offers a solution to picture-sharing blue balls. After you've snapped some scandalous behavior in a dark corner of a club or funeral, you won't have to wait until you get to your computer to share it. The digicam picks up any open wireless connection so you can instantly share and store photos online. At less than an inch thick and just 4.4 ounces, the S15c was hands down the best-looking camera in our lineup. Its 3x zoom won't score you any paparazzi gigs, but we found the cam's crisp three-inch screen, impressive image stabilization, and superb low-light shots make it an easy, versatile performer. ●●●◐○

AB: "The best looking camera of the bunch, and it was very easy to use. Its built-in wi-fi feature would be ideal for us to send photos to family while on the road. Not that we worked out how to do it," Feedback says.

Olympus Stylus 790 SW, $300

This rugged model is waterproof, freezeproof, and shockproof, making it perfect for Winter X Games athletes or your mentally unstable gun-nut uncle up in Anchorage. The 7.1-megapixel camera has a 2.5-inch LCD screen, 3x optical zoom, and enough features to confound. There's face detection, shadow adjustment, and Perfect Shot Preview, which shows what adjustments, like white balance and zoom, will make to the picture you're about to take. But the photos weren't the strongest in the bunch: While colors were accurate, images were slightly soft. Still, the next time we go snorkeling in the Arctic, we're shoving this one in our Speedos. ●●◐○○

AB: "We were curious if the cam would hold its claims, so we dropped it in beer, froze it, and found a cop who offered to shoot it for us. Fair play to the camera, it stood up to its promise. The cop backed off on his, though," Feedback tells us.

TEXT, JOEY ARAK

DELICATE SOUND OF LUMBER

Upgrade your girl's pitiful sound system with an Earth-friendly iPod dock.

The problem: Her cheapo bookshelf stereo just went on the fritz. You look for a replacement, but the stuff in the store has a blow-your-ears-out aggro vibe not suited to the drawing room of a lady. The solution: the Vers 2X, a minimalist iPod dock warmed up by real cherry woodgrain. The 2X comes with a remote and fits third-generation and newer iPods, including the iPhone and the iPod Touch; a 3.5 mm audio jack fits other MP3 players. Two three-inch speakers drive 30 watts of sound, filled out by a bass port in back. The 2X has eco cred, too: Beneath the cherry veneer, its fiberboard panels (solid wood would provide the acoustics of, well, a tree) are made of sustainable plantation-grown eucalyptus and pine, instead of wood harvested from a rare Bubinga tree sheltering a family of endangered penguins. So score points by buying a great gift *and* saving penguins.
$180, target.com

STYLING, ELLE STRAUSS FOR BA-REPS.COM; HAIR, GREGORY PURCELL FOR MARK EDWARD, INC.; MAKEUP, CHICO FOR JUMPMANAGEMENT.COM; MANICURE, NAUSIL FOR MARK EDWARD INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BELEBEAU

The family you want to spend time with this holiday season.

Coming
Spring '08

PRODUCTS RANGE FROM RATING PENDING TO MATURE
RP-M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

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Dude, get your own.
PSP® The only place to play.™ Anytime. Anywhere.
SONY
PSP.
PlayStation Portable

RAMPED UP

Skateboarding champ and *Life of Ryan* star Ryan Sheckler puts his new driver's license to good use.

Sweet Fleet

"Out of my four cars, I drive my tricked-out Jeep Wrangler most. It's a four-door hardtop convertible with 26-inch rims and a modified intake, exhaust, and suspension. It's definitely a head turner. But I'm not done messing with it just yet. In two weeks I'm gonna take it back to the shop and have a supercharger put in. It'll be sick."

In-N-Out and About

"I get spotted on the road a lot—girls pull up to the side of the car and try to get us to pull over and take pictures. Last night I went through the In-N-Out drive-through with Tony [Hawk] in the passenger seat. The guy handing us our food recognized us and did a double take. He got so excited he almost crushed our fries."

Raw Horsepower

"I just got a Mercedes-Benz CL63 AMG yesterday. I bought it as a present to myself after winning the Mountain Dew tour for the third year in a row. I'm keeping that one stock; you don't really have to do anything to it. That car's a rocket ship. Hearing the AMG exhaust light up is pretty nuts."

Keeping Up

"There are a bunch of pro skaters who are ridin' hot. My buddy Jereme Rogers just picked up an Aston Martin Vantage, and Paul Rodriguez has a BMW 6 Series. When we're driving around, it's all about scoping spots to skate. Everything I see on the side of the road looks like a potential skate spot to me."

So Fresh

"I like to keep everything super-clean—can't have anything looking half-assed. My friends know not to mess with my cars. They're tired of me yelling at them to not leave any fingerprints."

Season two of Life of Ryan *airs on Tuesdays beginning January 8 on MTV.*

"Teen angst? Sorry, I'm not following you."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK MANN

IN 2009 A YEAR-ROUND SYNTHETIC-SNOW SKI RESORT WILL OPEN IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

MOUNTAIN MULTITASKERS

Outwit Ma Nature with this dual-use winter gear.

Golden Domer

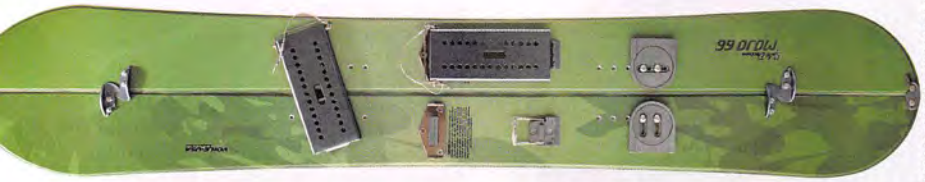
Sometimes a helmet is just a helmet. Other times, it's the German-engineered **Bogner Ski Gold Rush Helmet**, and is made of polycarbonate in a single monocoque construction, lined with suede, and wearable while defending Troy from invading Greeks. (**$650**, *bogner.com*)

Death Watch

On the lift, use the **Suunto Core** to check for storm alarms so you and your friends can avoid meeting the Donner Party's fate. On the slope, track your altitude descent and individual run times to determine the rate at which you're meeting Sonny Bono's fate. (**$275–$649**, *suunto.com*)

Let It Slide

The **Hammerhead Sled** has an assload of available accessories like a cargo net, so you can haul camping gear and frozen carcasses. Plus, it's a toy for grownups, with an ergonomic chassis and responsive steering. So trade up from that garbage can lid. (**$299**, *hammerheadsled.com*)



Pack It In

The best runs are often in the backcountry, and the **CamelBak Menace** makes the hiking less painful. Strap in your snowboard and find your descent, or fill the 68-ounce hydration pack with a 1982 Bordeaux and toast your hard work on the peak. (**$80**, *backcountry.com*)

Show Suit

The **Helly Hansen Survival Suit** protects you from the elements with breathable-yet-waterproof materials, a RECCO reflector to help ski patrol find your bloated corpse in an avalanche, and 12 pockets for stashing gear. A below-the-waist, horizontal zipper makes for easy bathroom breaks and gondola quickies. (**$700**, *hellyhansengear.com*)

Split Happens

Voile invented the splitboard, and now it's made the best. The new **Mojo** divides into two ski-like planks that, outfitted with grippy nylon climbing skins, allow you to hike up backcountry hills. To head down, form it up Voltron-style into an all-mountain beast. (**$825**, *voile-usa.com*)

Cold, Hard Crash

Before you get fancy on the slopes, YouTube these smash-ups.

Hermann Maier, 1998: At Nagano the Austrian downhiller got *huge* air, lost his skis, careened through two fences, and...walked away.

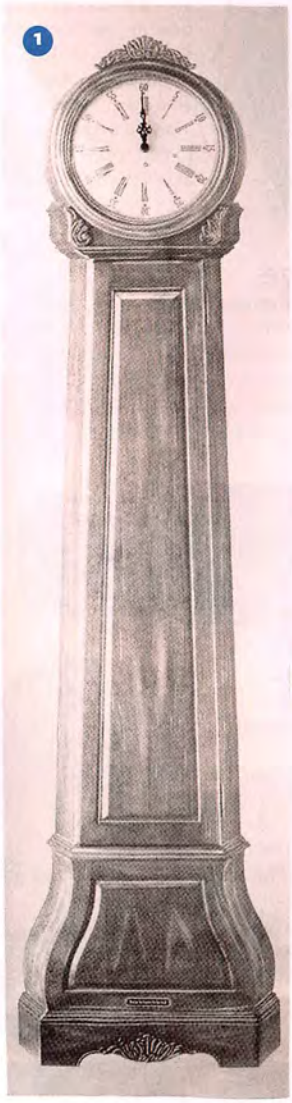
Brian Deegan, 2004: The Moto X star pulled out of a 360 midair and fell 45 feet, busting his femur. Extreme!

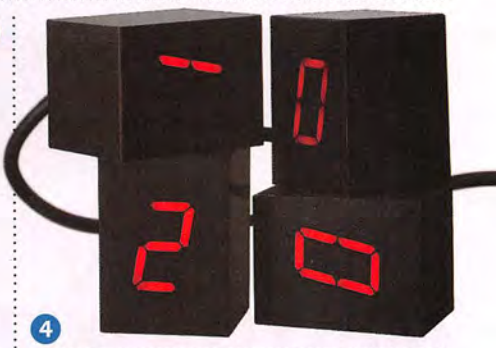
Vinko Bogataj, 1970: The Yugoslavian ski jumper's fantastic fall hurt, but not as much as being immortalized by ABC as the "Agony of Defeat" guy.

"I can see my house—and ER—from up here!"

TICKER PICKER

Keep your New Year's resolution to be on time with a clock you'll actually watch.





1. Big Flat Clock
Unroll this nearly six-foot-tall paper **Grandpa Clock** and add some haughty elegance to your pad without the excessive size, weight, and god-forsaken chiming. **$79,** *gnr8.biz*

2. Crazy Time
Sebastian Wrong's **Font Clock** flips a total of 12 different typefaces. OCD types can await the few times per year all displays sync fonts for five-minute periods. **$1,300,** *mossonline.com.*

3. Let's Roll
Clocky *will* get your ass out of bed. At wake-up time he wheels off your nightstand and turns wildly on the floor, shrieking. Wanna shut Clocky up? Catch the bastard first. **$50,** *thinkgeek.com*

4. Four Squares
The **LED Clock** features four two-inch cubes that each display one digit. Arrange them in any order you like; unless you have a kid genius traipsing about, your code is safe. **$85,** *conran.com*

5. Great Dane
We dig the space-age **Koppel Clock.** Danish designer Henning Koppel dropped the time-piece in 1980; it'll still be fly come 2080, when it will match your robotic legs. **$180,** *mossonline.com*

6. Flipper Over
Start running your house like a stationmaster by mounting the imposing **Giant Wall Flip Clock.** Even the cockroaches and mice will arrive and depart on time. **$95,** *littleclockshop.com*

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BY GILLIAN TELLING

The Magic Number

Wondering how many people your girlfriend has slept with? Good luck getting a straight answer.

At some point in any new relationship, the most awkward of questions inevitably comes up. No, it is not "Have you ever had crabs?" or "Should we have this baby?" It's something far worse, a question that turns any right-minded man or woman into a stammering, sweating, panicked mess: "How many people have you slept with?" *Gulp.* The dreaded numbers question. For many couples, it represents a defining point in the relationship—a moment of crystalline truth.

Except for one small problem: No one ever actually *tells* the truth. At least, I can safely say I don't know any women who do, including me. When a man asks his girlfriend how many guys she's had sex with, her instant reaction is paralysis. *Should I be honest? What if he thinks it's too high? Will he think I'm a slag and stop liking me? If I say something too low, will he think I'm a prude who'll never be fun in the sack?* Rather than face the music, we try to figure out what the man before us wants to hear. Does he want us to be a Madonna or a whore? To wear a chastity belt or one with a bunch of notches? Britney premarriage or post-? Invariably, we choose a number with which both parties seem to be comfortable. Generally speaking, this number is seven. (Sound familiar? Sorry...)

Maybe the real reason the numbers conversation is fraught with so much tension is that it reveals just how much we care what others think of us—and how dishonest we're willing to be to control our image.

Best. Photo booth. Ever.

Perception vs. Reality

Just because we women lie about our numbers, it doesn't necessarily mean we're ashamed of them. "I have no problem with my number," says 30-year-old Katie, who's been with 23 men. "I like that I've had a few one-night stands and kinky encounters. It's an exciting part of my sexual past." Still, we're not convinced that everyone else will feel the same way. "I will never tell my boyfriend my real total," Katie adds. "Frankly, I bet his number is lower than mine, so it would just be embarrassing."

The fear of judgment is strong, and it's not totally unfounded. Sarah, 27, says she admits to very few people—women included—that she's slept with more than 40 men, after overhearing one of her best friends describe her to someone as "kind of a slut." Other women couldn't care less about what their girlfriends think—in fact, sometimes when we're gossiping about sex, we wish our numbers were even higher so we'd seem like sexually confident badasses. (Then again, it depends which friends we're talking to. I'll never forget a girls-only dinner party where a friend bragged about how she'd only been with four men; the rest of us just looked down guiltily at our plates.) When it comes to telling boyfriends, however, almost all the women I spoke to said they cut their number down—way down. "I generally shave it in half," says Debbie, 31, who's been with more than 20 guys. The reality: We're paranoid that if you find out we've been with too many people, you'll suddenly see us as that insecure girl who once blew the entire JV basketball team in high school. ➤➤

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SONJA PACHO

On the flip side are women who actually lie up, boosting their numbers to make sure people won't think they've been conducting their sex lives like it's 1953. "I didn't lose my virginity until I was 22," says Andrea, 29. "Before then, I'd lie to girls and act like I'd had a lot of sex. Then, after losing it, I had a boyfriend for six years. Since we broke up, I've added a few guys onto my number, but I still feel like it's low for my age." Of course, Andrea's hardly inexperienced. Over those six years with her boyfriend, she had sex in every conceivable position, and probably got kinkier than plenty of women with higher totals. Still, she knows a low number sends a different message.

Factoring long-term relationships into the equation can skew how a number is perceived, big time, in either direction. "My total number doesn't sound that bad at first," says 31-year-old Adrienne, who has slept with 17 men since the age of 16. "But if you consider that I had two two-year relationships and two four-year ones—it starts to get a little scary. When exactly did those other 13 guys get onto the list?"

And here's one more reason we may not be truthful: Sometimes we just don't know what the real total is. "I honestly barely remember my number," says Laura, 30. If we've been having sex since our late teens and are now in, say, our late 20s, there are going to be some mistakes that we either can't quite recall or just want to forget. "I once did it in a park with a bellhop when I was on vacation with my dad," says Julie, 24. "But I felt weird about it afterward, so I don't count him." And all girls agreed that they do not include anyone with whom they ever played a game of "just the tip."

What Does *Your* Number Say?

So now you know that women are very particular (translation: liars) when it comes to revealing their sexual pasts. But do we think the men in our lives should take creative license with their numbers as well? According to the women I spoke with, the answer is yes—but only if the number is incredibly high or mortifyingly low. No girl would be psyched to find out she's dating Wilt Chamberlain, but then again, we're not going to fawn over Steve Urkel either.

"I think a guy's number should be about 20 to 25," says Kelly, 26. "That seems appropriate. If it's too low, it'll make me think he could be a complete wimp in bed." Debbie agrees. "I'd probably just feel like another notch on the bedpost if I found out he'd been with 60 girls," she says. "But if it was too low, I'd be worried he's not very experienced." True, it's a double standard—if you've only had sex with a few women, your girlfriend will think you're a nerd; if she deems your number freakishly high, suddenly you're a himbo.

But here's the good news: While some women are grossed out by too high a number, many of us actually find it somewhat...alluring. "When I found out my boyfriend's number, I was shocked at first, and bummed that it was so high," says Jenn, 28. "But I was also kind of intrigued and impressed. It gave him an edge, like it was hot that girls were into him." Anne and her boyfriend had played the numbers game before they even had sex for the first time. She thought his number, 40, was a little high, but she also says it made her feel like he was going to be good between the sheets. "Plus, I figured that if he *wasn't* good in bed, I wouldn't see him again," she says. "Because if he couldn't get it right after 40 chicks, he'd probably *never* get it right."

Can Anyone Handle the Truth?

While honesty is always supposed to be the best policy, when it comes to the Number, that rule may not apply. If your girl fudges her numbers, who really gets hurt? Sure, she'll have lied, but maybe she's protecting you from something you don't really want to know anyway.

The one bit of advice that everyone I spoke to agreed upon: Avoiding the conversation is the only solution. "Don't ask, don't tell," it seems, is the safest choice. If you insist upon asking anyway, here's a cold dose of reality to consider first: "Any guy I'm with should know better than to ask me," says Riley, 27. "The truth is, the reason I'm so good at sex is that I've had lots of practice." So there you have it. And if you're wondering what *my* real number is? Let's just say that when I was 16 a friend took me to a restaurant called the 21 Club, and I had the most delicious 26-ounce steak I've ever eaten. I've been back eight times since. Happy guessing. ●

Fuzzy Math

Some sexual encounters will never make it onto a woman's final tally.

"I had random vacation sex with my dad's coworker. He was almost 20 years older than me. I can't count him because it's just too gross." **Darcy, 21**

"I slept with a guy who I later found out had lied about sleeping with my friend too. He was such a jerk to do that to both of us. Assholes don't count." **Anne, 27**

"I had a bad, drunken one-night stand with an engaged coworker. I couldn't erase the guilt without completely denying it ever happened." **Katie, 30**

"I woke up next to a guy, and neither of us could remember if we'd done it. So I say we didn't." **Lizzie, 23**

Love Calculator

Afraid to ask how many people she's slept with? Use this formula to arrive at a semieducated guess!

BASE NUMBER
Her age:
17*

If her dad's a cop or military man
+3

For every tattoo or piercing
+1

If she was in a sorority
+5

If her wax style is "full bush"
-3

For every time she's been to rehab
+10

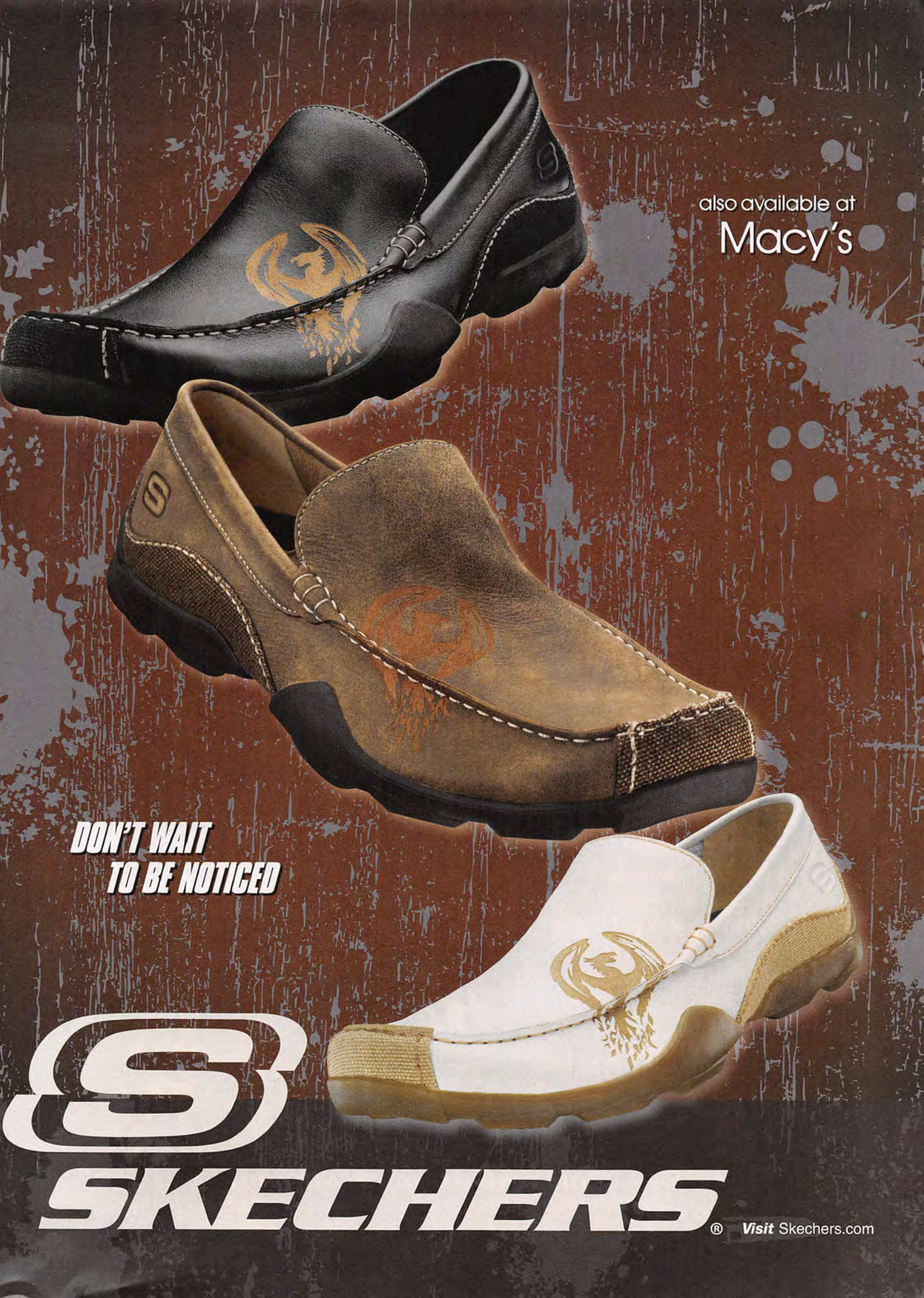
For every cat she has
-2

If she's ever been married
-6

If she's a senior editor at *Maxim*
+4

RESULTS
Naughty or nice?

*The average age at which women lose their virginity. The resulting number assumes she's had a measly one partner for every year since she first gave it up.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BY JEFF PEARLMAN

Last of the Barbarians

NHL enforcers are a dying breed. But Chris Simon refuses to go quietly.

Just sitting on a couch next to the most feared enforcer in the National Hockey League is more than a bit disconcerting. With his shaved head, scowling eyebrows, and a face etched by a lifetime of slashes, punches, and pucks to the skull, 6'3", 220-pound Chris Simon looks like a serial killer's mug shot, anxious to leap off the page and strike.

"Chris Simon," says Georges Laraque, Pittsburgh's bruising forward, "is one tough dude." How tough? Over a 16-year NHL career, he's had 107 fights and served 1,772 penalty minutes. Last March, in a widely publicized incident, he delivered a slash so vicious to the head of Rangers forward Ryan Hollweg that the NHL handed him a league-record 25-game suspension. Simon is so tough, in fact, that the question at hand—is he ever scared?—has the New York Islanders heavyweight totally stumped. He thinks long and hard. "I'll tell you," he says at last. "I'm never scared on the ice, and I'm not scared by much in my day-to-day life. But there was this time..."

With that Simon begins to recount an incident of three years ago when he was out hunting alone in the woods near his hometown of Wawa, Ontario. As he sat squatting on a rock waiting for prey, a female moose strode in front of him, about 15 yards away, with her two calves. "No big deal," Simon recalls. "But then, out of nowhere, a bull comes up behind them. He probably weighed 1,000 pounds—you're talking about an animal that could stomp and kill me very easily." Upon spotting Simon, the bull inched closer, swaying back and forth. An attack seemed inevitable.

That is, until Simon stood up, cupped his hands, and screamed: "Go away! *Get lost!*" At that, the bull turned and walked off.

Chris Simon is so tough that even 1,000-pound beasts don't fuck with him.

"Now I lay *you* down to sleep, bitch!"

PHOTOGRAPH, CHARLIE LANGELLA; MAKEUP, ANTHEA KING FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO USING DERMALOGICA

Hit Man

Throughout a professional career that began in 1988 and has taken him to six NHL franchises, Simon has thrived as one of the most famous hired goons in the sport's history—a man who makes the ice safer for smaller, quicker, more skilled teammates. With Quebec in the early 1990s, he served as All-Star center Joe Sakic's personal bodyguard. Later, with the Washington Capitals, he offered similar protection to offensive phenom Jaromir Jagr. On the Islanders, star winger Bill Guerin knows he's covered. The concept is simple: You touch one of his teammates, Simon makes you pay. "The guy is downright scary," says Rick DiPietro, the Islanders' goaltender. "Not only is he humongous, but he's a brutalizing puncher. Playing against him sucks. But as a teammate, there's nothing better. He always has our back."

Were Simon a boxer, he'd be George Foreman, circa 1973. There's little speed or flash to his pugilistic styling; he simply grabs a handful of jersey with his right hand, draws back his left fist, and drops it repeatedly, like a sledgehammer. "He's remarkably accurate and as strong as anyone," says Donald Brashear, a Capitals forward and one of the league's best brawlers. In 1992, when Brashear and Simon were playing in the American Hockey League, the two squared off for their lone encounter. It was one-sided. "He threw this big left, and I dropped to my knees instantly," recalls Brashear. As the victim of one of the dirtiest hits in NHL history—a stick to the head eight years ago from Boston's Marty McSorley that resulted in a grade-three concussion—Brashear knows dirty players. But his opinion of Simon is high. "Chris is a fair guy who knows what's right and what's not," Brashear says. "He plays hard if the game calls for it, but he's not trying to kill anyone."

And despite the touchy-feely ethos of the new NHL, where league rules put the emphasis ➤➤

March '07: Ryan Hollweg drops after Simon's slash

on speed and finesse more than fighting, Simon makes no apologies for his style of play. "Nothing personal," he says. "Just doing my job."

Simon knows he's an NHL dinosaur—a protector when few true protectors are left. Had he been active back in the '60s and '70s, when the NHL was loaded with toothless thugs and eye-gougers, he would likely have gone down as just another hard-nosed player; these days, he's accepted by an increasingly image-conscious league as a tolerable evil. "He's a throwback to a league that no longer exists," says Bill Fleischman, who covered the "Broad Street Bullies" Flyers of the 1970s for the *Philadelphia Daily News*. "There was a time when every team had enforcers with defined roles. That's changed dramatically." Thanks in part to rule changes that penalize and even eject players for instigating fights, the average number of fights per game is down to .55 from over 1.0 in the '80s, when slugfests were embraced. "They've really beaten up on guys who fight," says DiPietro. "I don't like that. To me it's hockey."

Church in Canada is so weird

To Simon, too, fighting is an essential part of the game, and one that's not altogether uncivilized. "Professional protectors subscribe to a code of honor. It's almost like a fraternity," he explains. "We'll fight, but there's an immense amount of respect for what goes into this job. We're proud of what we do." Some of the code's guiding principles? For one, if an opponent falls to the ice during a fight, you never pounce on him. "To hit someone when he's down just ain't right," Simon says. Second, the goal is never to inflict injury. "I know how precious this career is," he notes. Third—no grudges allowed. "I see Georges [Laraque] all the time in the hallway when we play Pittsburgh," Simon says, "and it's nothing but pleasant."

It all sounds pretty cheery for a guy who was suspended four times before the Hollweg incident for violent on-ice acts and banned for three games when, during a 1997 altercation, he threw a racial slur at Edmonton's Mike Grier, an African-American. (Simon, a Native American, profusely apologized and was forgiven by Grier.) It's not surprising that, when he used his stick to try to snap Hollweg's head, something among NHL officials snapped, too. With six minutes remaining in a 1-1 tie, Simon was slammed from behind by Hollweg, a 5'11", 210-pound center known, like Simon, for his bruising ways. Simon's head and body ricocheted off the boards and onto the ice, where he momentarily rested in a fetal position. Upon rising, Simon spotted Hollweg, whipped back his stick and flattened his rival, who dropped like a sack of coal. When Simon later explained himself by saying he'd suffered a concussion and was acting in confused self-defense, he was greeted with disdain and disbelief.

"People see what they want to see," says Simon, who admits he was stung by the aftermath. "But I'm more than a fighter." Truth be told, he is a skilled forward who won a Stanley Cup with the 1995–96 Colorado Avalanche and has scored 144 career goals, including a team-leading 29 for the 1999–2000 Caps. "It gets lost in his rep, but Chris can downright play," says Laraque. "You don't have as many points as he does by accident."

Bloodlines

The NHL has a long, fine tradition of flying fists. Here, the league's top three enforcers of all time.

Tie Domi
The most noteworthy thug moment of Domi's 18-year career came in a 2001 playoff game against New Jersey, when the Maple Leafs wing rendered Devils defenseman Scott Niedermayer unconscious via an elbow to the skull.

Dave Schultz
"The Hammer" terrorized the NHL from 1969–80, setting a single-season record with 472 penalty minutes. Nicknamed for his devastating right hook, he was known for picking a second fight after the first had been broken up.

Bob Probert
With Detroit teammate Joe Kocur, he formed "the Bruise Brothers" in the late '80s and early '90s. On February 4, 1994, Probert fought Pittsburgh's Marty McSorley for nearly 100 full seconds—one of the longest bouts in NHL history.

To Hell and Back

Simon's path to hockey fame was a rough one. Born and raised in Wawa, an Ontario mining town with a population of 3,700, Chris is the only son of John Simon, an Ojibwa, and Linda, a Caucasian Canadian. His childhood was spent hunting, fishing, and playing hockey. At age 16 he was drafted by a Junior A team in Ottawa, for whom he scored with his stick (36 goals in 57 games) and his fists. He was selected by Philadelphia in the second round of the 1990 draft, a rugged forward who the team believed could be an NHL star for a decade. There was just one problem—Chris Simon loved to drink.

As with too many Ojibwas, alcoholism ran in Simon's family. But instead of warning signs, Simon saw only postgame parties and wild nights. "I was out of control," he says. "But I didn't really know it. I had a real case of denial." Although his rights were owned by the Flyers, in 1991 he was traded within the OHL from Ottawa to the Sault Ste. Marie Greyhounds. At the time his reputation wasn't especially good. "Chris had an air about him that he was better than us, but he was drinking himself out of hockey," says Rick Kowalsky, then captain of the Greyhounds.

For Simon the turning point came on New

> "SIMON IS DOWNRIGHT SCARY—A BRUTALIZING PUNCHER."

Year's Eve in 1991, when he was arrested for pulling a fire alarm during a team party in a hotel ballroom. He spent the night in a holding cell, alone, wondering what he was doing with his life. "That was really the moment," Simon says. "I hadn't done anything illegal in that instance [the charges were later dropped], but I knew I was putting myself in bad situations."

It's now been 16 years since Simon last tasted alcohol ("The toughest test came during the Stanley Cup celebration; everyone's pouring champagne and I'm drinking Pepsi from a Dixie cup"), and, not accidentally, almost 16 years since his star truly began to rise. On June 30, 1992, he was part of one of the biggest trades in NHL history, going to Quebec along with five other players and two draft picks in exchange for Eric Lindros. At the time, Simon was just the player to be named later. Now, in 2008, he is the last participant standing; Lindros recently retired, as did Peter Forsberg.

As the league continues to transition to a new style of play, perhaps Simon's greatest legacy will be in teaching its young guns right from wrong on the ice. Case in point: a November 3rd game against the Penguins at the Nassau Coliseum. In the second period, Sidney Crosby, Pittsburgh's 20-year-old superstar, inadvertently nailed DiPietro in the head with the butt of his stick, sending the Isles' goaltender to the ice and, moments later, the locker room. Soon after, Simon entered the game. As Crosby chased the puck into a corner late in the third period, Simon saw his chance. Elbows up, head down, he charged toward Crosby—yet when he reached his mark, Simon pulled up. He shoved the kid with his left hand and glided away.

So where's the lesson? "You have to be physical, but you also have to be smart—even us tough guys," Simon said afterward. "I could have hit Crosby really hard and maybe even hurt him, but instead I just finished my check and let him know I was there. In a close game you can't take penalties without thought." He paused, chewing on a wad of tobacco. "Not that I wouldn't have enjoyed hitting the kid," he said with a laugh. ●

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BY ANYA KANENETZ

Filthy Riches

Conquer today's volatile markets by investing according to your *lack* of conscience.

What do investing, presidential elections, and dating shows have in common? Nice guys finish last—and that's never been truer than it is now. Traditional choices for the value investor, like the financial sector and housing, got obliterated in the credit crunch. The once booming and "socially responsible" ethanol market got hit with a glut that plunged prices into the corn-clogged crapper. And experts are betting that more volatility is on its way as the U.S. dollar continues to slide, with some even muttering the R-word... as in *recession*. The only solution to this hellish investing climate is to start listening to the little devil on your shoulder. He'll tell you to sink your hard-earned scratch into four things that have always been reliable growth industries: war, death, disaster, and sex. They consistently beat the S&P 500 and keep returns up even when the market is down. Investing in misery and vice isn't risk-free, but deals are yours if your scruples are as weak as the dollar. And yes, it's legal...ish.

Strategy: War

Why it's dirty: You can sleep at night by telling yourself you're investing in technology—guns, missiles, warships—but really you're banking on carnage. Most defense funds invest in the "big five" government weapons contractors: Lockheed Martin, General Dynamics, Northrop Grumman, Boeing, and Raytheon. PowerShares Capital Management (powershares.com) also includes the "homeland security" sector, and mainstream outfits like the Victory Diversified Stock Fund (victoryconnect.com) invest heavily in big government contractors like dirty money poster boy Halliburton.

Why it's worth it: "The Index is up more than 27 percent [as of October]," says Scott Sacknoff, manager of the SPADE Defense Index (spadeindex.com). "And in four of the past six years we've beaten the S&P by more than 10 percent." That's an indication of how the entire sector is performing. See for yourself at homelanddefensestocks.com, a Web portal for all war—er, defense-related—stocks.

Strategy: Death

Why it's dirty: In what's called a viatical settlement—first popularized in the '80s, when AIDS was exciting and new—you purchase someone's life insurance policy for less than face value. The longer the life expectancy, the deeper the discount; when he dies, you collect. So not only are you waiting for a terminally ill patient to kick the bucket; you're also pulling a scam.

Why it's worth it: Rates of return vary wildly, but 40 percent is possible. Your investment is independent of the market—people always die—and risk can be smoothed out by using a specialized broker (check out lisassociation.org for a list). You just need to cover your ass. Unreliable actuarial data and pesky experimental cures can foil your plans, insurance companies can refuse to pay out, and a suicide can void everything. Plus, you could get scammed if a broker acquired the policy you buy via shady means. "Brokers and providers are licensed in most states and listed on our Web site," says Julie McPeak, chair of the Life Insurance and Annuity committee of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners (naic.org). "Ask for disclosure of fees, whether there's a contractual arrangement, and whether fair bids were made on the policies."

Strategy: Disaster

Why it's dirty: Almost 600,000 vehicles were flooded and damaged in hurricanes Katrina and Rita. Many are still floating around on the market after insurance companies "totaled" them because their electronics systems got soaked. But they can be legally salvaged and resold by an unscrupulous dealer: namely, you. Simply "wash" the title by moving the car from a state where the salvage title is required to one where a new, "clean" one can be acquired.

Why it's worth it: Buy a flood-damaged late-model BMW 3-Series for $4,000 at Insurance Auto Auctions (iaai.com) or on eBay Motors (motors.ebay.com). Spend $5,000 fixing it. Sell it for $18,000 with a new title that doesn't reflect that you found the car upside down in a tree.

Strategy: Sex

Why it's dirty: Porn is a $12 billion industry, but historically almost all of that wealth has been privately held. Then about two years ago AdultVest (adultvest.com) created a pornographic investment marketplace. You can register for their funds if you have access to Peter North–size loads...of cash (at least $5,000). Or you can find a specific company and be a slutty angel investor and even bankroll a production featuring your favorite starlet.

Why it's worth it: Porn production companies can enjoy 60 percent profit margins and collectively boast annual worldwide revenues of $57 billion, yet banks and traditional investors turn their noses up at providing capital. That's why the less squeamish can clean up. "It's not unheard of for investors to generate a two to six times return on their money," says Francis Koenig, former Wall Street hedge fund guru and founder of AdultVest. Plus, "there are certain sectors we call consumer nondiscretionary," Sacknoff says. "Like Kellogg's, people will still want their Corn Flakes in the morning no matter what." Turns out Corn Flakes were originally marketed as a cure for masturbation—and they're both sure financial bets, because neither will ever go out of style. ●

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THE VOTES ARE IN, GENTLEMEN—CONGRATULATIONS TO MADELINE, 2007 BUDWEISER SELECT LINGERIE MODEL OF THE YEAR.

BY ELLIOT ANDREWS

First rule of dieting: Three small sandwiches are better than one big one.

American Hero

Why is the cheesesteak sandwich a national obsession? To find out, we went straight to cheesesteak holy land: Philadelphia.

Standing over the grill in his eponymous South Philadelphia sandwich shop, Tony Luke Jr. pushes up the sleeves of his triple XL black sweatshirt. "Cheesesteak," he says. "Watch how it's done." Luke lays a row of raw rib-eye onto the greased metal surface. Using a spatula, he shifts it around without chopping it (chopping, he suggests, is just a way of making lesser cuts of meat easier to chew). "When there's just a little red left," he instructs, "throw the cheese on. It melts. Put it on a roll. Add onions. You're done."

Once a regional specialty peculiar to Philadelphia, the proudly blue-collar cheesesteak is now a culinary star on a national scale. Food service companies pull in an estimated $500 million annually shipping cheesesteak meat across the country. Subway and Quiznos each serve their own version. It's even traveled to California, where Cheese Steak Shop franchises dot the coast from San Francisco to L.A. But these aren't the real deal. The real deal cannot exist outside of Philly, where the cheesesteak is treated like the city's overprotected daughter: not to be fucked with nor taken from home.

Still, even within that 135-square-mile cheesesteak mecca, there are so many subtle variations of the sandwich, it seems an impossible task to determine which is best. A greasy, cheesy, gut-busting task. Upon further consideration, a task I must complete.

Meat and Greet

I begin at the corner of E. Passyunk Avenue and S. 9th Street, site of one of the country's most famous food rivalries—a 42-year-old battle for cheesesteak supremacy between Geno's and Pat's. The two restaurants face each other across the intersection, their massive signage engaged in a stony, decades-long staring contest. "For out-of-towners, it's the thing to do when you come to Philly," says lifelong resident Lauren Ainsworth, 32. "You run up the *Rocky* steps, you go to Pat's or Geno's."

"A GOOD CHEESESTEAK IS THE PERFECT MARRIAGE OF MEAT AND BREAD."

Both are hallowed institutions. It was brothers Pat and Harry Olivieri who created the steak and grilled onion sandwich in 1930. According to Pat's great nephew Frankie Olivieri, cheese—American and provolone—came along in the '40s. Ten years later, Cheez Whiz was introduced for efficiency (because it's liquid, it's faster).

The first rule of cheesesteak ordering in Philadelphia is, there are only three cheese options. It's American, provolone, or Whiz, period—a lesson then-presidential candidate John Kerry learned in 2003, when he requested Swiss at Pat's and was derided by locals for his ignorance.

The second rule of cheesesteak ordering is, learn the lingo. For a cheesesteak with Cheez Whiz and onions, order "one Whiz wit." If you don't want onions, drop the "wit." Despite the shop's rep, my "Whiz wit" from Pat's is disappointing. The bread is cold, the meat is rubbery. Even the Cheez Whiz tastes off, a bit too waxy. How do you screw up Cheez Whiz?

Hoping for better, I cross the street to Geno's, a blur of neon lights and nuclear orange tiles. Joey Vento opened Geno's in 1966 and claims it was *he* who first wed cheese to the steak and onion sandwich, a contention that rankles his chief competitor. "Ludicrous!" Olivieri says. "For all he's concerned, he invented the wheel *and* signed the Declaration of Independence. Joe Vento is the Mother Goose of cheesesteaks." Maybe, if Mother Goose were the type to ride motorcycles, sport a Confederate flag tattoo, and post a sign beside her pickup window that reads: THIS IS AMERICA. WHEN ORDERING SPEAK IN ENGLISH. But it's in Vento's best interest to stop instigating and get back in the kitchen. Simply put, his steaks also come up short. Dry meat, cold buns.

As I talk to locals, I'm quickly learning about the proud Philadelphia tradition of loudly debating both sides of an argument. It is a town full of strong opinions. Don't forget, these are people who once booed Santa Claus at an Eagles game. When it comes to their cheesesteaks, they're just as adversarial. Tony Luke Jr., owner of the next shop on my list, tells me, "I've literally had people walk by my place and go, 'Tony Luke, you suck! Pat's is the best!' Then other people walk by and go, 'Pat's sucks! Tony Luke's rules!'" My opinion of Luke's cheesesteak? Not to knock it, but let's just say if I came here again, I'd order the roast pork.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEISSA MARIE/MAXIM; MARY PETERMAN/REDUX (HALL AND BIBB WALLS); STEVE GIRATT/CC ANYWAY ARTISTS/SCHMITTEN

Right: A cook grills up "8 oz Wow" at Cosmi's Deli. Below: The cheesy finished product at Chink's.

"Excuse me, is this Geno's?"

Closing In

For all the variety around town, there are some constants that define a Philly cheesesteak. According to Luke, it all comes down to two ingredients: The best cheesesteak is the perfect marriage between meat and bread. "You can have the best meat, but with a shitty roll, it ain't gonna happen!" Most of the sandwich bread served around town is made in local bakeries such as Liscio's, Carangi's, and Amoroso's. Richard Pepino Jr., a 32-year-old Philadelphia chef, pins the bread's distinct flavor and texture to geography. "It's a Northeast thing, has to do with the water," he says.

The one thing a definitive cheesesteak is *not* is overwrought. I discovered this firsthand at Barclay Prime, a high-end steakhouse that offers what some gourmands would label the ultimate cheesesteak: It includes Kobe beef, shaved black truffles, lobster, taleggio cheese, housemade mustard, and fried shallots. It costs $100. And it tastes totally muddled, inspired not by tradition but by marketing gimmickry.

My sandwich at Cosmi's Deli, however, corresponds almost perfectly with Luke's philosophy. The roll is soft but not spongy, and the meat retains its juices—no easy thing for a slice of steak so thin. Even more unusual, it's actually seasoned. The difference, I'm told, is a meat called "8 oz Wow." Not a cut of beef I recognize. John Karamatsoukas, whose Original Philadelphia Cheesesteak Company manufactures Wow, explains: "Wow consists of a blend of choice and select grade loin tails, rib lifter, and cap/wedge meat." It's also marinated—the key to its juiciness. While purists might decry the use of a mass-produced, preseasoned meat, I think it's delicious. There's only one problem with Cosmi's steak—where the heck are the onions? I can taste them, but I can't see them, a head-scratcher of the highest order.

I find the answer to my onion prayers in North Philly, at the unfortunately named Chink's. The roll (from Liscio's) retains both softness and crunch, but it's the onions that are cooked to perfection, blessedly browned, which deepens their overall flavor and smell. The rest of the sandwich takes a backseat to their mouthwatering sweetness.

Fill 'Er Up

Thousands of calories after my day began, I'm ready for a gastric bypass—and to admit that there's no such thing as "the best cheesesteak in Philadelphia." Then, at the intersection of Snyder and Weccacoe, I spot John's Roast Pork. As the name indicates, John's deals primarily in pig, but they also serve, judging from my short but intensive blitz, the best version of the cheesesteak in existence.

The sandwich is hefty—about a foot long and a few inches high—and beautiful. The white American cheese melts around each ribbon of meat, protecting its juices like a membrane. The grilled onions are gleaming. In the mouth, it's all balanced comfort: not too salty nor sweet nor savory. It is the lack of excess that lends this sandwich strength. At the table next to mine, four cops start to wolf down theirs with the fervor of meth addicts. They're eating so intently, I'm not sure they'd notice if a lunatic with a shotgun busted in. As I finish my sandwich and watch them, it occurs to me that it's a long drive back to New York City; I might get hungry again. I head back up to the counter and grab one for the road. ●

What, no bacon?

Open Up and Say Whoa

The Schmitter is a cheesesteak on crack. Cook one up and call 911.

For over 40 years McNally's Tavern in northwest Philly has been serving the Schmitter, a monstrous sandwich that's loyal to the cheesesteak at its core but brings a few extras to the table: grilled salami, tomato, and a gooey mayo-based "special sauce." What's a little cardiac arrest at your age?

Make Your Own

Ingredients

- 4 oz. thinly sliced sirloin
- 1 oz. yellow onion, cut in rings
- 2 slices cooked salami
- 3 slices American cheese
- 2 slices tomato
- 1 kaiser roll, halved
- Special sauce (ketchup, mayo, relish to taste)

1. Place onions on grill; lay sirloin on top. Separately, lay salami slices flat; top with one slice of cheese and both slices of tomato. Cook both piles for approximately five to eight minutes.
2. While meats are cooking, lightly toast kaiser halves; melt a slice of cheese over each in broiler.
3. Place onions and steak on bottom roll. Add salami-cheese-tomato. Add special sauce to taste.

WHICH PHILLY CHEESESTEAK REIGNS SUPREME?

PAT'S | GENO'S | TONY LUKE'S | COSMI'S | CHINK'S | JOHN'S

2008

HOT HOLLYWOOD

MEET THE WOMEN WHOSE MOVIES, TV SHOWS, MUSIC, AND CLOCK-STOPPING BEAUTY WILL HELP GET US THROUGH ONE MORE YEAR.

{ THE BIONIC BEAUTY }

MICHELLE RYAN

AFTER FIVE YEARS and 317 episodes playing lovable screwup Zoe Slater on the sexy BBC prime-time soap *EastEnders*, the lovely Brit decided to take the leap across the pond. It was the right move. Last year Michelle beat out hundreds of girls to snag the lead role in NBC's *Bionic Woman*, a slick reimagining of the campy '70s series. It premiered as the No. 1 show of the new season.

AULD LANG SYNE

"2007 was an amazing year for me—I really enjoyed myself," Michelle told us. "I'm just hoping that 2008 brings more of the same." If anyone has the nuts and bolts to pull that off, it's her.

GREAT IN '08

The 23-year-old will continue to make us forget every fantasy we ever had about O.G. Bionic Woman Lindsay Wagner. Plus, it's only a matter of time till she parlays her positronic ass kicking into movie stardom.

{ THE ICON }

SCARLETT JOHANSSON

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE she's only 23, because Scarlett is already a bona fide screen goddess. Her husky voice, voluptuous curves, and surpassingly beautiful face combine sophisticated glamour and playful sexuality as well as any Hollywood legend of yore. It's hard to remember a time when directors like Woody Allen and Brian De Palma *didn't* cast her as their go-to bombshell.

GEEK CHIC

Scarlett reportedly turned down roles in *Superman Returns*, *V for Vendetta*, and *Fantastic 4*. So she hates comics. But don't cry, Poindexter. She's said, "I hope they make a video game of me."

GREAT IN '08

Corset fans will enjoy *The Other Boleyn Girl* and *Mary, Queen of Scots*, while Woody lovers will flip over *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*. Then comes the most audacious piece of casting in film history: her role in *He's Just Not That Into You*.

RYAN RANKIN/INC.NYC; MICHAEL THOMSON/FEDROOT

{ THE SWEETHEART }

KATE HUDSON

KATE FIRST GRABBED our attention in 2000's *Almost Famous*, finding a way to out-cute mom Goldie Hawn even while playing a dirty hippie. Soon she was raking in big bucks in slightly less challenging fare like *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days* and *Alex & Emma*. Thankfully, it appears the 28-year-old has exorcised those romantic comedy demons with starring roles in *You, Me and Dupree* and the horror flick *The Skeleton Key*. We've said it before—never work at a haunted New Orleans plantation home.

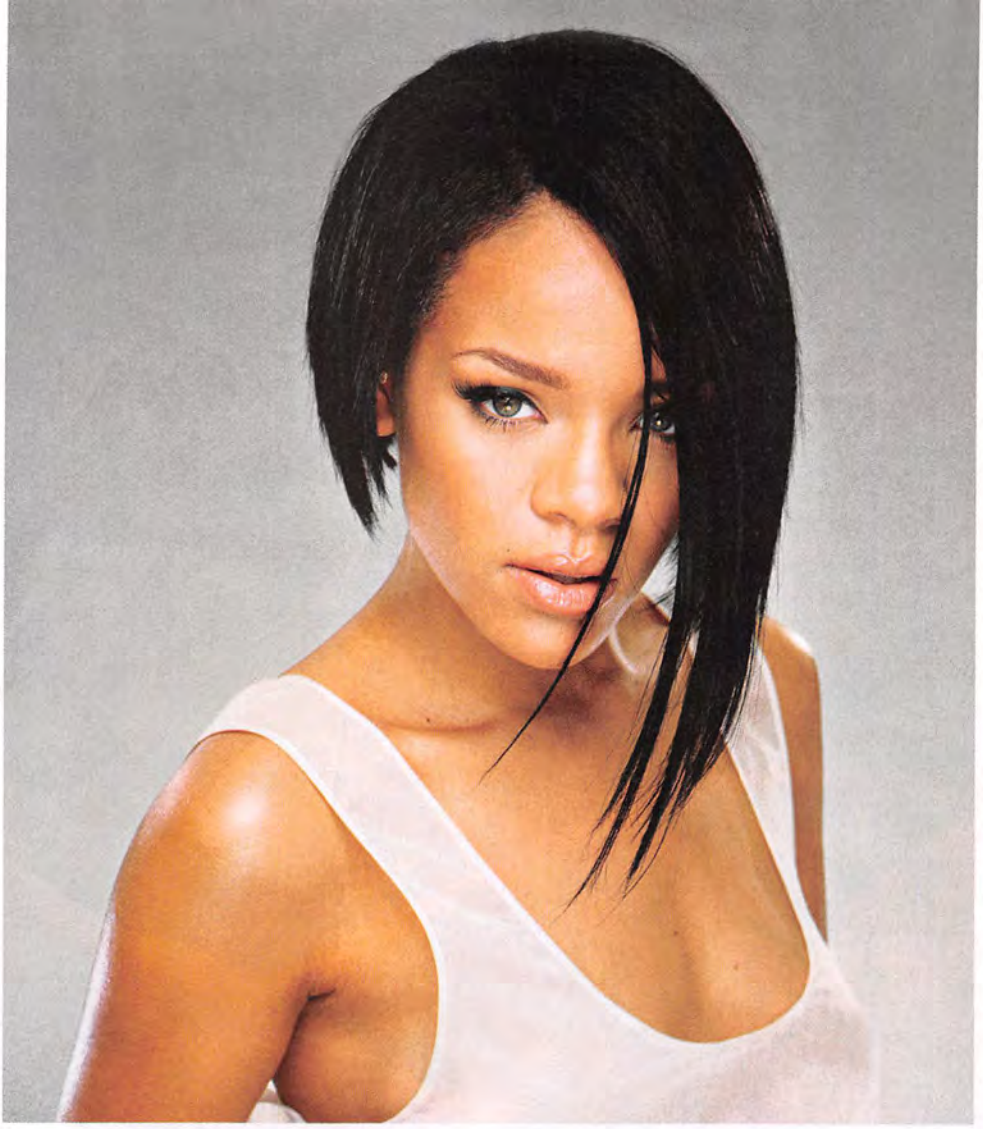
PARTY ON

Kate is shaping up to be the coolest mom on the block. "I don't know if people really want to know how I feel about drugs," she has said. "I'm not such a stickler. You can choose to live your life any way you want."

Considering her ex-husband is Black Crowes frontman Chris Robinson, her attitude isn't much of a shocker.

GREAT IN '08

Kate will team up with notorious fan of naughty self-medication Matthew McConaughey in *Fool's Gold*, about a couple who rekindle their relationship as they search for lost treasure. Sounds way better than marriage and counseling.



{ THE RAINMAKER }

RIHANNA

HOW DOES ONE go from being a semi-anonymous teenybopper to the biggest pop star in the world in one measly summer? Precocious 19-year-old Rihanna figured out the formula mighty quick: Title your album *Good Girl Gone Bad*, have a body molded by angels, and start strutting.

CARIBBEAN QUEEN

The Barbadian beauty managed to make rain gear sexy in her video for "Umbrella," which got her two VMAs and helped propel the record to platinum status.

GREAT IN '08

We may see Rihanna make a switch to the big screen. "I want to get into movies," she says. She's already behaving like a starlet in one respect: Shia LaBeouf and Josh Hartnett are two recent rumored canoodling companions...whatever that means.

{ THE FANBOY FANTASY }

RACHEL BILSON

NOT MANY CAREERS make it through the teen soap opera ringer intact, but Rachel is an exception. As Summer Roberts on *The O.C.*, she whipped dorks into a tizzy when she squeezed into a Wonder Woman costume. The fanboy obsessions haven't gone to her head, however. "When a guy can make fun of you," she says, "that's attractive."

TECH SUPPORTER

Rachel recently added much-needed sex appeal to the Nerd Herd with a stint on NBC's *Chuck*.

GREAT IN '08

She joins Samuel L. Jackson in the highly touted thriller *Jumper*. There are even rumors of a topless scene—of Rachel, that is.

{ THE SECOND ACT }

ASHLEE SIMPSON

TURNS OUT THIS platinum-selling pop star possesses some serious industry savoir-faire. How else would Ashlee know to lie low doing a stage play in London and getting acquainted with her new-and-improved nose, while other young starlets ricochet between accident scenes and rehab?

COLOR HER BAD

Her new album introduces her bad-girl alter ego, Vicky Valentine (think Slim Shady in hot pants). "You don't want to mess with her," Ashlee warns.

GREAT IN '08

Timbaland is helping create a sultry sound for the new record, so expect a Furtado-esque supershizzling by the megaproducer.

SCHOELLER/AUGUST; SIMPSON, CLIFF WATTS/ICON

THE ONE TO WATCH

MISCHA BARTON

LOADED WITH AN ARSENAL OF HOT ROLES, *THE O.C.*'S ORIGINAL BAD GIRL IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER HOLLYWOOD. AGAIN.

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

SMART MONEY SAYS it's going to be a very big 2008 for Mischa Barton. Just five years ago, she was catapulted to obsessive worldwide superstardom on the teen megahit melodrama *The O.C.* The series lasted a few good, quotable years, until its creators jumped the shark and killed off Mischa's pill popping, sexually promiscuous bad girl character, Marissa Cooper, in a fiery car crash. Since leaving her Southern California TV mansion, Mischa has dabbled in indie film roles (a certain nude scene in the comedy *The OH in Ohio* comes to mind), but now, with three big movies hitting multiplexes this year—*St. Trinian's*, *Virgin Territory*, and *Closing the Ring*—it looks like she is finally going to transcend her teen actress past, both on-screen and off. We've dubbed her the One to Watch in 2008, and for very good reason. The Jessicas and Lindsays of the world better be quaking in their stilettos.

YOU'VE GOT THREE BIG MOVIES COMING OUT THIS YEAR. ARE YOU EXCITED TO BE BACK IN THE LIMELIGHT, OR IS IT DAUNTING?
I'm happy that I've been working constantly since *The O.C.*, and that my career has been going the way I want it. As an actor, all I wanted was creative freedom—to be able to pick and choose movies. I couldn't be happier.

IS IT TRUE YOU WERE DISCOVERED WHEN YOU PERFORMED A MONOLOGUE ABOUT TURTLES AT SUMMER CAMP?
That's how it happened. I remember going to camp with my older sister, who completely ditched me because she was 16 and I was eight and I was uncool to have around. I ended up doing all these monologues, and it paid off, because some agent came up to my mom and said I should try acting.

ARE YOU SURPRISED YOU WEREN'T TYPECAST BECAUSE OF *THE O.C.*?
My theory on why I wasn't typecast, other than being shockingly lucky, is because Marissa was so all over the place. They originally wanted me to play her like a Valley girl—a dumb blonde airhead. But I went against that. She was an alcoholic and into this and that...

LIKE THAT LESBIAN KISS.
There was that. She was a multitude of people, and that opened me up as an actor, even though it was hard for me at the time to handle that character. But it worked in the end, because I got to do so many emotionally gutsy things.

WERE YOU SURPRISED BY THE FRENZIED ATTENTION SURROUNDING MARISSA'S LESBIANISM?
A little, yeah. It's weird to think that *The O.C.* was only four years of my life. It seems like so much more, because it was such a phenomenon at the time. But at least we didn't have to go 10 years like 90210.

MARISSA WAS CRAZY: SHE SHOT HER EX-BOYFRIEND'S BROTHER, GOT EXPELLED, BATTLED BOOZE. HOW SIMILAR WERE YOU AS A TEEN?
Very different. Even if I was a precocious teenager, it's a New York vs. L.A. thing. I never experienced the "anything goes" chaos we sold on *The O.C.* I could relate on a fundamental level, in terms of the adolescent pain and anguish these characters were going through, but Marissa was a nut case. I didn't have much in common with her. In New York I'd want to go out at 15 or 16, but I got it out of my system.

STILL HAVE RUN-INS WITH CRAZY *O.C.* FANS?
Yeah, of course. That's one of the best things about being on a television show. People genuinely loved the show, and they cried when Marissa died. Hysterical people would come up to me on the street and tell me how devastating it was for them.

WAS IT HARD FOR YOU TO LET GO OF MARISSA?
Not at all.

YOU DIDN'T SHED A SINGLE TEAR WHEN SHE DIED IN THAT CAR WRECK?
You have no idea how much fun I had doing that. I was on the set, yelling, "More blood! More blood!" I wanted a car crash. The writers were telling me, "Maybe Marissa should sail off into the sunset." And I was like, "No! Certain death!" She needed to go out with a bang.

YOUR FILM WORK AFTER *THE O.C.* HASN'T BEEN NEARLY AS CONTROVERSIAL, UNLESS YOU COUNT THE NUDE SCENE IN *THE OH IN OHIO.*
Was that controversial?

GUESS NOT. WE JUST WANTED AN EXCUSE TO BRING IT UP. DID YOU HAVE ANY RESERVATIONS ABOUT TAKING IT OFF?
Not really. I take it project by project. In that film it was really quite necessary. You don't see full boobs or anything. I was wearing underwear and pasties...not to be boring.

YOU'RE BREAKING SOME HEARTS HERE.
Sorry. I don't mind nudity. I just don't do it that often. Well, you do see me topless in *Closing the Ring*. But I would never do full body.

NEVER?
Come to think of it, I did let Richard Attenborough get a brief behind shot in *Closing the Ring*. But that was it. It depends on the film and if I trust the director and if the context is emotional or just sexual.

YOU REALIZE YOU'VE JUST SOLD US ON SEEING *CLOSING THE RING*, RIGHT?
There are many better reasons to see that movie than whether I'm naked in it. You know, sometimes that's all people talk about...

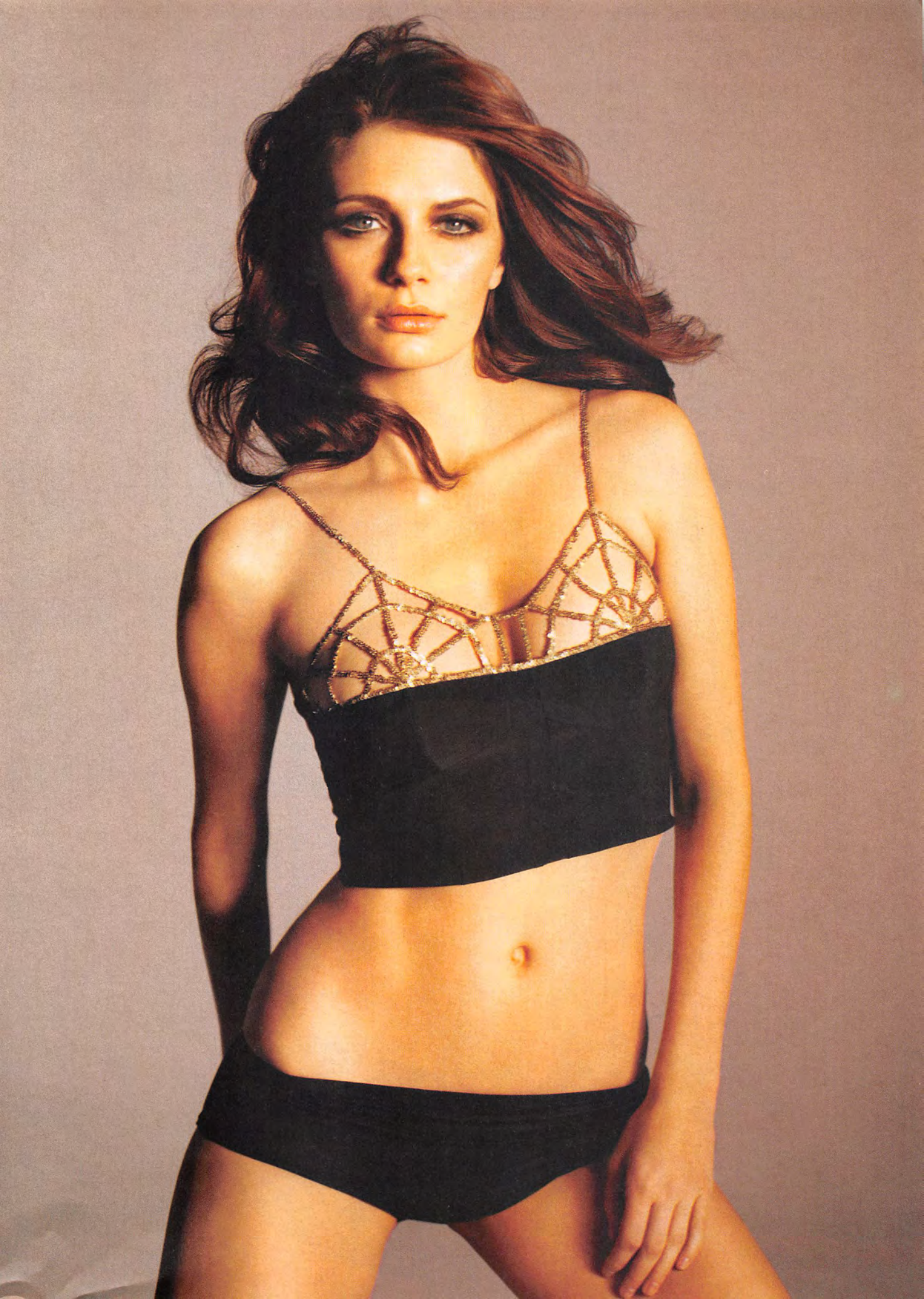
FINE. IN THE THRILLER *HOMECOMING*, YOU PLAY A WOMAN WHO KIDNAPS HER EX-BOYFRIEND'S GIRLFRIEND. HOW DID YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR INNER JILTED LOVER FOR THAT ROLE?
She's more of a psycho. She's a bit more of a trashy character than I've played before. I want her to be a trashy blonde, something people haven't seen me as. It's going to be fantastic.

THERE'S BEEN TALK THAT YOU'LL BE CAST AS SUPERGIRL IN THE NEW SUPERGIRL FILM. WHAT QUALIFIES YOU FOR THE ROLE, OTHER THAN YOU'D LOOK GREAT IN A LEOTARD?
Besides the skintight leotard? Hmm. It would be pretty awesome. But everybody in Hollywood goes up for those films. I haven't been offered anything.

YOU SEEM ATTRACTED TO BAD BOYS. IS THE WAY TO YOUR HEART BY GETTING INTO A BAR FIGHT?
Ha ha ha. Absolutely not. Sorry, guys. ●

STYLING, TARA ELLIOT SWENNEN; HAIR, KEITH CARPENTER AT THE WALL GROUP; MAKEUP, TALIA

"The O.C. was four years of my life. At least we didn't have to go 10 years like 90210."



"I don't mind nudity. I just don't do it often. You do see me topless in *Closing the Ring*..."

ICON

Dave Grohl

The Foo Fighter has managed to find massive success in two world-famous rock bands. So how come he'd rather be at Costco right now?

BY ALISON PRATO PHOTOGRAPH BY OLAF HEINE

YOU'RE IN THE MIDST OF A WORLD TOUR. DO THE FOOS HAVE ANY SECRET PRESHOW RITUALS?
Some bands pray to God they'll have the best show of their lives. Some bands huddle in a rugby scrum and yell, "Go team!" We listen to Michael Jackson's *Off the Wall* and do Jäger bombs, which are David Lee Roth juice. If you want to be David Lee Roth onstage, you need at least four Jäger bombs to get you there.

HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED A SHOW SOBER?
Yeah, but not in fucking 15 years. When you play sober, you're hyperaware of everything going on, whereas nonsober shows are fun because you don't give a fuck—it usually turns into a blood-and-public-nudity display.

HAVE YOU GOTTEN BLOODY AND PUBLICLY NAKED A LOT ON THIS TOUR?
I cracked my head on the mike stand and had this huge goose egg with rips on it. I looked like a *Bumfights* movie. Pretty gross.

ARE YOU INTO THOSE *BUMFIGHTS* VIDEOS?
Actually, I had a party at my house once and someone brought them, and I was so fucking pissed off because (a) someone turned on a TV at one of my parties, and (b) they played something as horrendously offensive as *Bumfights*.

SO WHAT DO YOU WATCH ON TV?
I'm in love with the Bravo channel. I dig a lot of the metrosexual shows: *Top Chef*, *Project Runway*. I do a little *America's Next Top Model* every now and then, but that's just the womanizer in me. I like to see those girls strut.

IS IT HARD TO KEEP THE WOMANIZER IN YOU AT BAY NOW THAT YOU'RE HAPPILY MARRIED?
No. Women don't look at me like I'm Fabio; they look at me like I'm Duckie from *Pretty in Pink*.

YOU HAVE A LITTLE DAUGHTER. ARE YOU GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE "COOL" DADS WHO BUY THEIR KIDS BEER AND SMOKE POT WITH THEM?
No. I'm not going to be one of those rock star parents with massive piles of cocaine lying around for the 10-year-olds to play with.

ANY PARENTING ADVICE FOR BRITNEY?
Fame will fuck with your head, and if you don't have a solid foundation, you get swept away in it. When Nirvana became famous, I was only 21, but I had a good foundation. Whenever shit got too crazy, I'd go back to Virginia and spend time with the people who loved me the most, and it kept me from getting dragged under. The kids now who are experiencing fame, money, paparazzi—they need to get their asses out of the nightclubs and have a barbecue with their fucking family once a week. It's not rocket science.

DO YOU EVER LISTEN TO NIRVANA ALBUMS?
Not really. I hear the songs on the radio every now and then, but it's an effort to listen to them because I immediately remember what it was like the day we recorded—the food or the fucking snowstorm. It's like opening a box of old pictures, and I don't like to do that too often.

> "IF YOU WANT TO BE DAVID LEE ROTH ONSTAGE, YOU NEED AT LEAST FOUR JÄGER BOMBS TO GET YOU THERE."

AFTER ALL THIS, HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO KEEP THE TITLE OF NICEST GUY IN ROCK?
I don't know. If people have to pay attention to "keeping it real," they already have a problem. I'm not a big deal. I might as well be the guy who fixes your fucking washing machine.

DOES THE BAND KEEP YOU IN CHECK? YOU GUYS LIKE TO GIVE EACH OTHER A HARD TIME.
Fuck, yeah. To be in this band, you have to have tough skin. We rip each other 24/7. If someone blows it live, that's all we talk about until he's on the verge of tears. I get made fun of after every show for something ridiculous I've done.

DO YOU EVER FORGET YOUR OWN LYRICS?
Almost every night. But I don't even think people notice. They're like, "Ooh, pretty lasers."

ANY PLANS TO PLAY FOR THE TROOPS IN IRAQ?
Not at the moment. I'd like to be able to go to as many places as possible, but after a while it's like, damn, man—I just want to go to Costco and Blockbuster and take a fucking nap.

CAN CROWDS TELL WHEN YOU GET BURNT OUT?
When the set list starts getting weird—when I'm picking shit from albums I made 12 years ago just to get off—that's how they can tell.

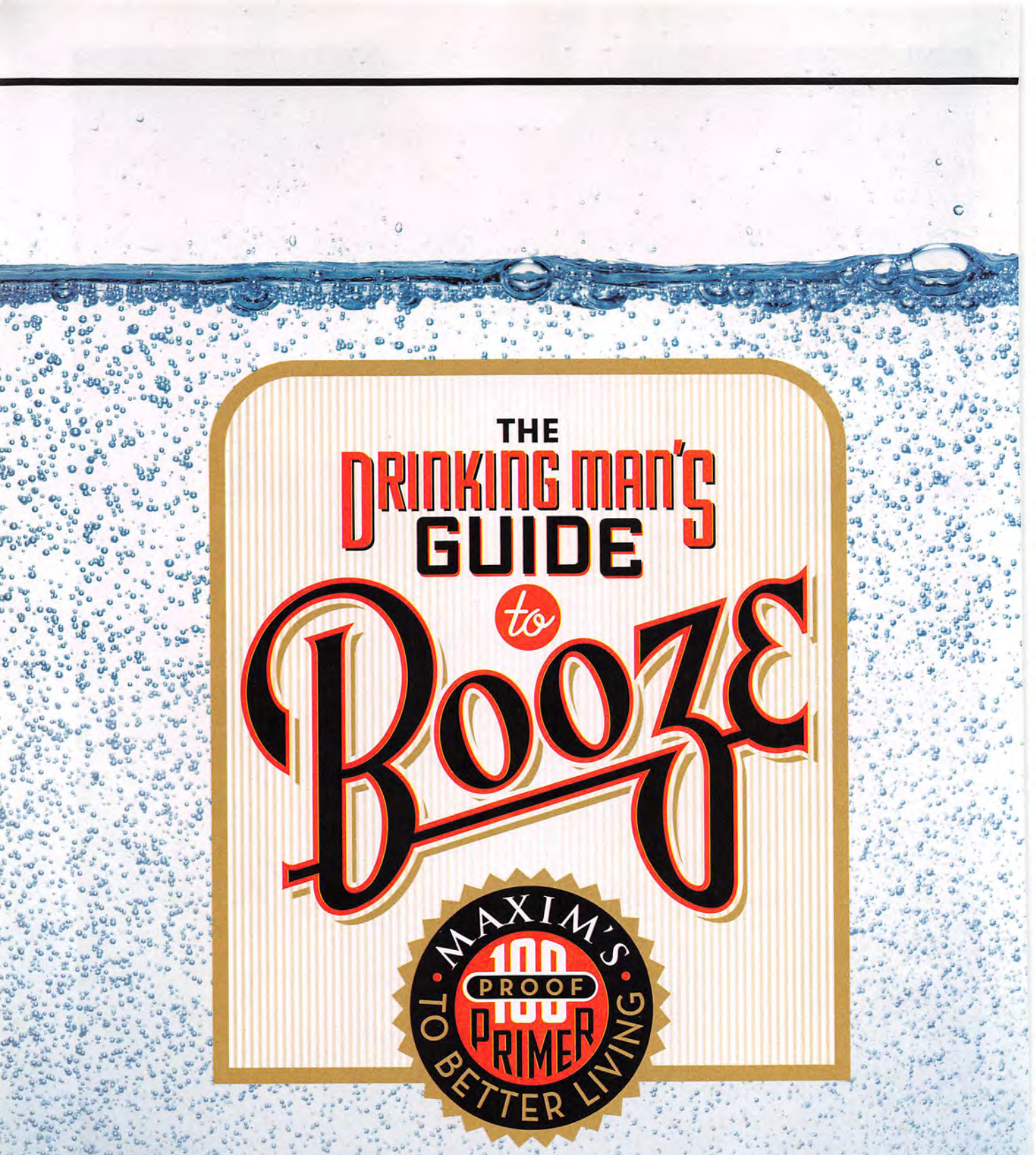
FOR A WHILE THERE, A LOT OF DEATH RUMORS WERE CIRCULATING ABOUT YOU. WHY?
I suppose that being a rock musician gives me a stunted life expectancy. There are so many romantic ways to go out as a rock star, like a helicopter crash or driving around the hills of fucking Iceland...

HOW WOULD YOU WANT TO GO?
Let's see—by drowning? That seems peaceful, but ugh—inhaling water? A plane crash? No, I don't want to be burned by all that fuel. My fantasy is that I'll die under a massive concrete slab with razor blades sticking out of it. It would kill me instantly and rip me to pieces. A lot of cleanup, but only a little pain.

ARE YOU GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL?
I'd like to imagine I won't wind up in hell, but I think I've done too much acid and listened to too much death metal to sit on a cloud next to God with angels floating above my head.

HAVE YOU HAD ANY BAD ACID TRIPS?
I took a couple of hits of acid on a boat from England to Belgium once, and I wound up running in circles for three hours, hallucinating that tiny dinosaurs were chewing everybody's ankles. That was fucked up. I didn't come down for 12 hours. ●

Echoes, Silence, Patience & Grace, The Foo Fighters' seventh album, is in stores now.



Alcohol (n): Any of a series of volatile hydroxyl compounds made from hydrocarbons by distillation. We like to think of it as the silky liquid that gives our nerve endings a massage at the end of the day. Sometimes at the beginning of the day. What time is it, anyway? Alcohol cures diseases. It aids digestion. With the right touch, it tastes delicious. It can make Hillary Clinton look like Hilary Duff, and right now it's at the peak of a renaissance. Never have there been so many quality boozes, so many small batches and single barrels. Herewith, the ultimate guide to sipping in style: what to drink, how to mix it, where it comes from, and how to deal in the morning.

COCKTAIL PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI ● BOTTLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEREMY SPINK

VODKA

In the Clear

Why the Russian spirit conquered the States, Cold War be damned.

With 28 percent of the liquor market, vodka—that humblest of tipples—is the unquestioned king of booze in America. But as new brands seemingly arrive at your local bar every day, how is a self-respecting lush expected to tell one from the other? After all, it seems like every country in the free world has its own signature brand, from Stoli in Russia to Ketel One in the Netherlands to Grey Goose in France. Donald Trump has his own brand, as do Diddy and even freakin' Ed McMahon. But while vodka can be made out of virtually anything (usually grain or potato; according to legend it was distilled from coal in Communist Poland), by definition the resulting spirit is both tasteless and colorless. Why, then, if all vodka is distilled using the same basic process, does one bottle cost $7 and another $70? Vodka isn't aged like whiskey, lacks gin's complex flavor, and doesn't make you loco like tequila. But that all may be the point. Vodka mixes well and goes down easy; it's practically the only liquor girls drink, and even at its priciest it isn't going to cost you an arm and a leg (although at its cheapest it might cost you a splitting headache, minor liver damage, and your self-respect). James Bond took it in both the Vesper and his signature martini; Keith Richards claims it keeps him alive. As the chart below makes clear, there's plenty to choose from, regardless of your budget.

Price of Happiness

Whether you're on the dole or raking it in, there's a vodka out there for you.

the vodka cocktail

BLOODY MARY

The ultimate hair of the dog is celebrated the world over for the curative powers of tomato juice, Tabasco, and Worcestershire sauce. But two words best capture the drink's enduring allure: morning buzz.

one to banish forever

SEX ON THE BEACH

Listen, it's *never* OK for a man to consume a cocktail made with peach schnapps. The difference between having sex on the beach and drinking it is the difference between AC/DC at full volume and, like, being totally gay.

DO HANGOVER CURES WORK?

Guinea pig: Executive editor Dan Bova
Remedy: Morning-after sex
Result: "My wife gave me five minutes to try the cure before she left for work. I had faith that I could make it happen—and I did. It didn't help the hangover, but it put me in a good mood."

I FEEL SORRY FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T DRINK. WHEN THEY WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, THAT'S AS GOOD AS THEY'RE GOING TO FEEL ALL DAY.

FRANK SINATRA

PHOTOGRAPHS, GREGG DELMAN (STAFFERS); ALAMY (BLOODY MARY); PHOTODISC/GETTY IMAGES (BIKINI); ILLUSTRATION, MILHAELLOURIE

GIN

ONCE DURING PROHIBITION, I WAS FORCED TO LIVE FOR DAYS ON NOTHING BUT FOOD AND WATER.

W.C. FIELDS

The Mixologist's Choice

Gin was the crack of 18th-century London, fuel for the Roaring '20s, and the social lubricant for the swinging '60s. Today? The go-to spirit of high-brow bartenders.

There may be no booze that's more polarizing than gin. Drinkers either love its unmistakable flavor and outlaw history or hate its "pine cone" taste and potent kick, using vodka as a benign substitute. "Vodka doesn't offer shit—it's just an alcohol boost," says Duggan McDonnell, owner of San Francisco cocktail lounge Cantina. "Gin offers more flavor, more funk, more to work with." Today each brand has its own distinct recipe using botanicals ranging from cucumbers to licorice. It's that complexity that makes gin a part of so many classic cocktails, like the Tom Collins, the Negroni, and a proper martini—sorry, Mr. Bond. "I've never had anyone return a drink, even when they tell me they're 'allergic,'" says Jason Kosmas, bartender and co-owner of New York cocktail mecca Employees Only. "Gin drinks are just more interesting—even a martini." With so much renewed interest in pre-Prohibition drinks, mixologists have rediscovered the spirit. So should you.

the gin cocktail

SINGAPORE SLING

Invented at the legendary Raffles Hotel in Singapore, this citrusy combo of gin, brandy, grenadine, and sour mix has been lauded by the likes of Tom Waits, the Replacements, and Hunter S. Thompson. We don't dare defy the gods.

one to banish forever

GIN FIZZ

In fact, this banishment applies to any and all libations that have the word *fizz* in their name. And while we're at it, let's also eliminate fuzzy, flaming, slush, Jello, candy, kiss, and creamsicle from the adult beverage nomenclature.

Strange Brews

If you think a tequila worm is kooky, get a load of these concoctions. Cheers!

Tarantula Brandy
Where to sip: Cambodia
Freshly dead tarantulas are muddled in a glass with rice liquor, and the whole pulpy brew is knocked back in one gulp.

Seagull Wine
Where to sip: Arctic Circle
Take a dead seagull, put it in a bottle (don't ask), fill with water, and leave it in the sun to ferment. Oh, those Eskimos!

Baby Mouse Liquor
Where to sip: Korea
A reputed cure-all in rural Korea, this distilled rice spirit is packed with infant mice carcasses and fermented for a year.

DO HANGOVER CURES WORK?

Guinea pig: Deputy editor Chris Wilson
Remedy: Sauna
Result: "I stopped counting after 17 drinks, but two hours in a hot box the next morning and it was like the night before had never happened. I went in wanting to throw up, but came out feeling like I wanted to take a nap."

A Brief History of Hooch

Booze-cruise on a drunken journey through time.

10,000 B.C. Cavemen brew a beer-like substance, evidenced by cave drawings of beer-like substance pong.

7000 B.C. Wine production begins in China. It's good stuff, but you feel sober an hour later.

2304 B.C. Years after the flood, Noah gets wasted and strips to his birthday suit, confirming that he did bring two of everything.

2000 B.C. Booze takes root in Greece. Bacchanalia is born 1,000 years later, and young boys start looking kinda good.

323 B.C. The supposedly immortal Alexander the Great croaks at age 32 after drinking *just* a bit too much at a party.

200 A.D. Pulque, a precursor of tequila, gains popularity in Mesoamerica. What good is human sacrifice without body shots?

Drinkers Hall of Fame

Presenting the legendary boozehounds who took tippling to new heights.

The history of rock is full of liquored-up rabble-rousers, but few were as depraved as the Who's drummer, who left a trail of crashed cars, smashed drum kits, and trashed hotel rooms in his wake.

When he wasn't out raping, pillaging, and burying treasure, the notoriously ferocious Caribbean pirate was famous for mixing his rum with gunpowder, setting it aflame, and pounding it back.

For many of us, the resident barfly at Moe's Tavern typifies the lush life, a man so beholden to the bottle that he's been known to drink varnish, brake fluid, and turpentine.

The British Bulldog drank his way through WWII, starting every day with a whiskey, before moving on to a stream of champagne, brandy, martinis, and more. Hitler, in contrast, was a teetotaler.

Coiner of the drinker's axiom, "An alcoholic is someone you don't like who drinks as much as you," Thomas died after downing 18 straight whiskeys at New York's White Horse Tavern.

Renowned for his hard drinking, the English thespian died while filming *Gladiator*, having reportedly guzzled three bottles of rum, eight bottles of beer, and many double whiskeys.

Tool Time

Fix drinks using these swank, shiny home bar basics and impress the strangers you drag home at closing time.

1. Cocktail Shaker
We'll take ours shaken—in Ron Arad's woozy, mirror-polished stainless-steel Chiringuito model (with strainer). Have a few and the reflections will look perfectly normal. *$159, alessi-shop.com*

2. Jigger
You may like your Harvey Wallbangers on the strong side, but if you don't want to open a vomitorium, stick to the recipe. Use this to measure up to 2 oz. *Rösle, $16, surlatable.com*

3. Muddler
Mash lime, sugar, and mint into your mojitos with this and enjoy a taste more sophisticated than your tuxedo T-shirt. *Rösle, $20, surlatable.com*

4. Ice Tongs
Instead of scooping ice cubes with your grubby paws, use these tongs with teeth. When you catch a fly, you'll be ready to avenge your father's death. *$4, cb2.com*

5. Corkscrew
Once you've busted your fourth off-brand rabbitlike cork puller, grow up and buy a virtually unbreakable Vinum waiter's corkscrew by Richartz. *$90, ameico.com*

6. Bottle Opener
Use your teeth to open that lovely lady's Zima and she'll take the bottle to go. So show some class with this space-aged, ultra-ergonomic number by Karim Rashid. *$36, karimrashidshop.com*

DO HANGOVER CURES WORK?

Guinea pig: Senior editor Patrick Carone
Remedy: Cheerz IntelliShot liquid supplements
Result: "It tasted sort of like the syrup used to make Sprite. My hangover was average. Overall, I don't think it did anything. I wish I could have used my regular cure—skipping work the next day."

THE STAFF GETS SMASHED FOR SCIENCE!

800 A.D.
Alcohol is first distilled by Muslim chemists. Woo-hoo! The hard stuff is finally here!

1066
At the Battle of Hastings, Norman invaders conquer the Saxons, who lost in part because they were so damned drunk.

1405
The first written record of whiskey is scribbled in Ireland, on a bar napkin.

1620
The *Mayflower* lands at Plymouth Rock, bearing more beer than water. *That's* why they wore belt buckles on their hats.

1650
Gin is invented in Holland. Soon after, a drunk dude decides that wood would make for super-comfortable footwear.

1650
European settlers in the West Indies begin distilling sugarcane into rum.

PHOTOGRAPHS, DYNAMICGRAPHICS (SINGAPORE SLING); ALAMY (GIN); ISTOCKPHOTO (BANANA, SEA GULL, MOUSE); JEREMY SPINK (BAR TOOLS); ILLUSTRATIONS, SAM HADLEY (HALL OF FAME).

WHISKEY

IT ONLY TAKES ONE DRINK TO GET ME DRUNK. THE TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T REMEMBER IF IT'S THE 13TH OR THE 14TH.
GEORGE BURNS

America's Booze

Maker's Mark master distiller Dave Pickerell gives us a peek inside the bourbon life.

Folks think bourbon will blow your ears off. And 50 years ago, it would have; nobody cared what it tasted like. But everything on the market now is better than anything that was on the market in those post-Prohibition years. Bourbon is for modern sophisticates; small-batch and single-barrel bourbons are more and more popular. At Maker's we do only one product, but I would like to release a case or two of what we call White Dog; it's the clear spirit that comes off the still. Our business is such a brotherhood that Jimmy Russell, the Wild Turkey master distiller, has a White Dog bottle on a shelf next to all his trophies. One time I was at a tasting with him, and there was someone up in front talking about vanillas, caramels, tobacco, dark chocolate—on and on. Jimmy shakes his head and finally says to me, "I don't know about you, but I didn't put any of that shit into my bourbon."

the bourbon cocktail

MINT JULEP

We're of the opinion that the less you do to "America's native spirit," the better. That said, we can get behind the julep: bourbon, water, muddled mint, a dash of sugar, crushed ice. Then it's off to the races like Colonel Sanders.

one to banish forever

BOURBON AND COKE

Ordering one not only shows a total lack of creativity; it's an affront to every manly whiskey drinker who's come before you. And ordering *Diet* Coke is adding insult to injury. Kind of like killing Hemingway all over again.

Say "Cheers!"

A global traveler's cheat sheet.*

"Prost" German
"Santé" French
"Gan bei" Chinese
"Mierenneuker" Dutch
"Skål" Scandinavian
"Salud" Spanish
"Cin cin" Italian
"Iku Iku" Japanese
"Fisehatak" Arabic
"Ya mas" Greek
"Yob materi vashi!" Russian

**warning: some of these may get your ass kicked.*

DO HANGOVER CURES WORK?

Guinea pig: Assistant editor Jesse Brukman
Remedy: The hair of the dog
Result: "After 11 drinks the night before, guzzling from a cheap pint of vodka at nine in the morning made me feel like a total degenerate, but it also worked wonders...for an hour. Then I felt even worse."

1657 The first rum distillery opens in Boston, and thus Beantown's rich tradition of responsible drinking is born.

1743 Gin consumption in Britain reaches a peak of three gallons per person per year.

1758 George Washington buys his way into the Virginia House of Burgesses with 144 gallons of hooch.

1787 The Founding Fathers celebrate the Constitutions's ratification with a legendary bender. America, fuck yeah.

1789 There is a God! The first batch of bourbon is made by a Baptist minister.

1794 The Whiskey Rebellion occurs. Consult a middle schooler if you can't remember what that was, 'cause we can't either.

Know Your Whisk(e)ys! Jim or Jack? Scottish or Irish? Whiskey or whisky? Just read the damn story.

1. Scotch Whisky
Origin: Scotland
Signature: Smoky peatiness, both single-malt and blended.
Tastes like: Butterscotch and gasoline filtered through Groundskeeper Willy's kilt.

2. Irish Whiskey
Origin: Ireland
Signature: Like scotch, but without the smokiness.
Tastes like: Bikini-wax-smooth caramel shamrocks. But beware o' whiskey dick, people!

3. Canadian Whisky
Origin: Canada, eh?
Signature: A blend of grain-based whiskies aged three years.
Tastes like: Medicine powerful enough to make a puck to the neck feel like a peck on the cheek.

4. Bourbon
Origin: Kentucky
Signature: A mash of at least 51 percent corn, aged in new charred oak barrels
Tastes like: Sweet fire. It will put hair on your chest...and the bottoms of your feet.

5. Tennessee Whiskey
Origin: Duh?
Signature: Like bourbon, except it's also filtered through maple charcoal.
Tastes like: Rock'n'roll, and it burns like gonorrhea.

6. Rye
Origin: North America
Signature: A mash that is at least 51 percent rye.
Tastes like: Lava. Dear Lord, is this gonna sting on the way down.

1 2 3 4 5 6

DO HANGOVER CURES WORK?

Guinea pig: Senior editor Maria Fontoura
Remedy: A shot of one raw egg yolk, ketchup, vinegar, salt, pepper, olive oil, Worcestershire sauce, and hot sauce
Result: "Awful. I almost puked, then continued enjoying my epic hangover."

the scotch cocktail

ROB ROY

In the 18th century, Robert Roy MacGregor was the baddest ass in Scotland. And so they named a drink after him composed of scotch, angostura bitters, and sweet vermouth. It's like a whiskey martini with a brogue.

one to banish forever

EVERYTHING ELSE

Because Rob Roy would have wanted it that way.

1792 Absinthe is invented. "The Green Fairy" is blamed for homicides, suicides, and that Baz Lurhmann movie.

1806 The word *cocktail* first appears in print. Literacy rates skyrocket.

1832 Abraham Lincoln receives his first liquor license and emancipates frontiersmen from sobriety.

1850s Fifteen states declare alcohol illegal; booze consumption jumps by 63 percent. Naturally.

1862 The martini is invented. Olive drownings reach epidemic proportions.

1863 Vin Mariani, a cocaine wine that Pope Leo XIII endorsed, arrives. It's addictively delicious!

PHOTOGRAPHS, ERIC ANTHONY JOHNSON/JUPITERIMAGES (JULEP); IMAGE SOURCE/GETTY IMAGES (TOASTING WOMAN); ALAMY (CAN, CANADIAN CLUB, ROB ROY); KOBAL COLLECTION (NEESON)

RUM

The Rum Diary

The extraordinary origins of every pirate's favorite drink.

Back in the West Indies during the 1600s, molasses produced by sugar plantations was routinely dumped into the ocean. One day, a slave wisely thought, *Hey, maybe I can use this stuff to get fucked up.* Yes, rum started as the distilled essence of industrial waste. While it has come a long way since then, rum's origins are appropriate for a drink with a sketchy legacy:

Piracy

As we all know, rum and pirates go together like Siegfried and Roy. In fact, pirate captains used the promise of the stuff to lure away sailors grown disenchanted by their rum rations, leading to many a ship being plundered thanks to a crew that was too drunk to function.

Slavery

By the 18th century, rum was such a hot commodity that it helped kick-start the slave trade: The colonies needed molasses to make rum, and the sugar plantations needed free labor to harvest it. Said a slave, "Remind me why the hell we invented rum in the first place?"

Seamen

When Admiral Horatio Nelson was killed at Trafalgar, his body was sealed in a barrel of rum to preserve it on the journey home. The crew promptly drilled into the cask and drank the rum dry, decomposing bits of the admiral and all. It was bloody delicious.

DO HANGOVER CURES WORK?

Guinea pig: Associate editor Jeff Foss
Remedy: Self-inflicted pre-sleep vomiting
Result: "The 'cure' was unpleasant to administer, but I felt much better both right after pulling the trigger and the next morning. Puking reminded me of my sorority days."

THE STAFF GETS SMASHED FOR SCIENCE!

the rum cocktail

PIÑA COLADA

Before you balk, ask yourself something: Do you like making love at midnight in the dunes on the Cape? We thought so.

one to banish forever

FLAMING ASSHOLE

The twisted soul who invented this sickly sweet combo of grenadine, crème de menthe, crème de bananes, and dark rum was either hypoglycemic or living proof that, indeed, you are what you drink.

A man's drink says a lot. On a scale of pansy to punk, how does yours stack up?

- Grain Alcohol
- Grog
- Manhattan
- Dark & Stormy
- Dry Martini
- Gin and Tonic
- L.I. Ice Tea
- Cosmo
- Car Bomb
- Appletini
- Lemon Drop

THERE CANNOT BE GOOD LIVING WHERE THERE IS NOT GOOD DRINKING.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1874 The Manhattan is invented. . .at the behest of Winston Churchill's mother.

1888 Absinthe enthusiast Vincent Van Gogh cuts off left ear lobe to impress a girl. It totally worked. Seriously, give it a try.

1916 The teenage Ernest Hemingway begins his life in the cups as a cub reporter in Kansas City.

1919 The National Prohibition Act is passed. Americans can't drink but are allowed to wear funny hats.

1933 Franklin Roosevelt decides to celebrate his election with a drink, and repeals Prohibition.

1934 Breakfast of champions: The Bloody Mary is invented at the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS: GETTY IMAGES (PIÑA COLADA); ALAMY (FLAMING ASSHOLE, BELL, BOOZE-O-METER, MARGARITA)

TEQUILA

Tequila vs. Mescal

What the hell is the difference, anyway?

Tequila is to mescal as Michael is to the Jacksons: in the same family, but very much its own beast. Mescal refers to any alcohol made from agave, a cactuslike plant grown everywhere in Mexico. Tequila, on the other hand, must be made from blue agave, and, like Champagne in France, may only be produced in a designated region (primarily the west-central state of Jalisco). Tequila's blue agave is steamed in an oven, while mescal bulbs are roasted over a smoky pit. Finally, mescal is treated to *lo gusano*, a.k.a. the worm. Some distillers claim the slimy critters add to the taste, while others say it's just a gimmick. One theory states that the better preserved the worm's body, the higher the spirit's proof. So if you want to get super effed, look for the prettiest worm.

the tequila cocktail

MARGARITA ON THE ROCKS

The next time you order one, might we suggest ordering a premium blanco tequila with Cointreau and fresh key lime juice? Hey, you know what? We just did!

one to banish forever

FROZEN MARGARITA

The Slurpee with a thimble of tequila that leaves you bloated with brain freeze is best left to visitors to South Padre Island.

> I DRINK TOO MUCH. THE LAST TIME I GAVE A URINE SAMPLE IT HAD AN OLIVE IN IT.
> RODNEY DANGERFIELD

Contributors: A.J. Baime, Dan Bova, Charles Coxe, Dan Dunn, Mike Hammer, Ky Henderson, Blaine McEvoy, Noah Rothbaum, David Swanson, Jesse Will

WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

Find out the right drink for you without taking a sip.

What's your go-to jukebox song?

- ☐ a. "Folsom Prison Blues"
- ☐ b. Anything with steel drums
- ☐ c. "Tequila"

How many times have you been arrested?

- ☐ a. Never
- ☐ b. Once
- ☐ c. Arrested or convicted? 'Cause there's a big difference, bro.

Your favorite article of clothing:

- ☐ a. Tweed jacket
- ☐ b. Hawaiian shirt
- ☐ c. Nipple piercing

How often does your penis make public appearance?

- ☐ a. Rarely
- ☐ b. Sometimes
- ☐ c. I'm hanging brain right now

Favorite meal:

- ☐ a. Sheep intestines
- ☐ b. Something encrusted with macadamia nuts
- ☐ c. Slices of lime

You wake up in the morning in a puddle of your own puke. You are:

- ☐ a. Sickened
- ☐ b. Embarrassed
- ☐ c. Proud

Favorite poet:

- ☐ a. Yeats
- ☐ b. Jimmy Buffett
- ☐ c. Rhyming gives me the spins

If you chose mostly As, you are a...
Whiskey or gin drinker!
Your passions include soul searching and smelling like an old man. Here's to a wonderful life!

If you chose mostly Bs, you are a...
Rum or vodka drinker!
When you're not drinking, you can often be found on a banana raft in the Caribbean.

If you chose mostly Cs, you are a...
Tequila drinker!
You are violent and excessively huggy. Don't believe us? Ask the other guys in the drunk tank.

1976 Vodka becomes America's best-selling spirit, knocking gin from its boozy perch.

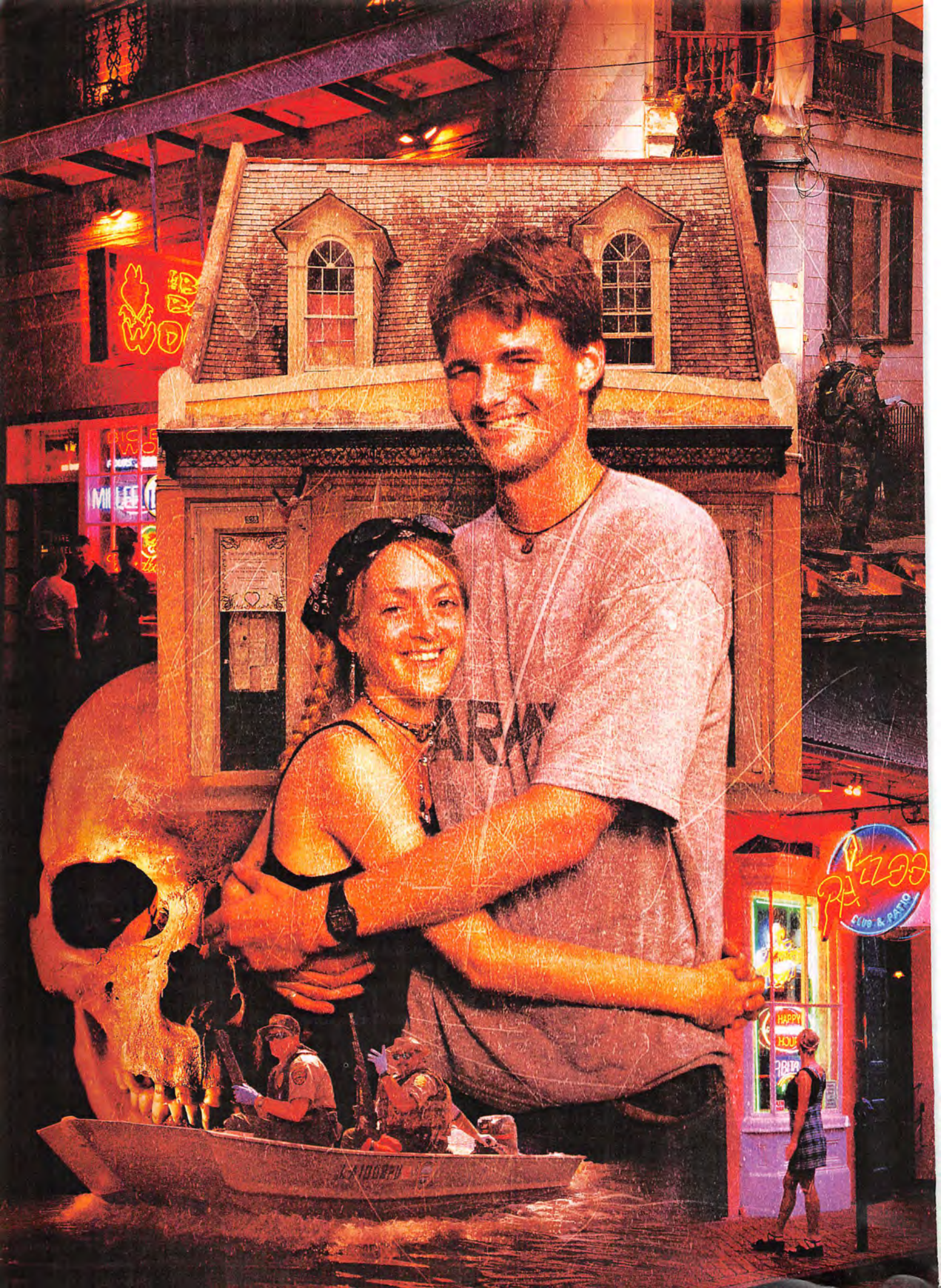
1976 Future Boozer-in-Chief George W. Bush is arrested for DUI.

1980 John Bonham dies after an all-day bender. It was a shock. He took such great care of himself.

1984 Going to war? Yes. Buying a beer? No. The U.S. government raises the drinking age to 21.

1998 A hung-over David Wells pitches a perfect game.

2007 American ban on absinthe is lifted. Bring on the murder-inducing hallucinations!


ARMY
HAPPY

ZACK AND ADDIE TURNED THE FURY OF HURRICANE KATRINA INTO A WILD LOVE STORY. BUT WHEN THE FLOOD EBBED, COULD THEY SURVIVE EACH OTHER?

DEATH *in the* FRENCH QUARTER

BY STEVEN RUSSELL ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC HEINZ

AS THE SUN SLID DOWN A HUMID NEW ORLEANS SKY ON OCTOBER 17, 2006, Zackery Bowen gazed out at the city from the best perch in the French Quarter—a poolside deck atop the Omni Royal Orleans, one of the town's ritziest hotels.

The panoramic view of historic tiled roofs, wrought-iron balconies, and cathedral spires was impressive even to a local. Two blocks away, Bourbon Street clubs were cranking up the neon and zydeco, hustling those tourists brave enough to visit a little more than a year after Hurricane Katrina turned the Big Easy into an internationally televised cesspool. To the east, the Mississippi River flashed in the sunset glare. Follow its crescent upstream a couple of miles and you'd be in the Lower Ninth Ward. There, Zack had heard, victims still rotted in attics where they'd fled in vain from the rising floodwaters.

He gulped his beer, sweat from the plastic cup stinging the red welt on his wrist. It was one of 28 fresh cigarette burns he'd branded onto his arms and chest, one for every year of his pathetic life—failed marriage, busting out of the Army after Iraq, and now, little Addie and the helter-skelter nightmare he'd just created over on N. Rampart Street. The pain might be worse if he hadn't been drunk and stoned for days.

The wedding party that shared the rooftop was winding down, the tipsy bridesmaids who'd eyed his handsome, 6'10" frame were drifting toward the elevator. Another drink before the bar closed would be good, except he'd already spent his last dime; his jeans pockets held only an empty wallet and a scrap of scribbled paper.

Zack released the cup, watching it twirl five stories down to the roof of an adjacent parking garage. Then he hoisted himself up on the railing, took another admiring look over the rooftops—and stepped off.

IN LATE AUGUST AND EARLY SEPTEMBER OF 2005, THE WORLD watched a great city die. Hurricane Katrina, fueled by the tepid Gulf of Mexico, grew into a Category 5 behemoth as it bore down on New Orleans. Before landfall, the storm veered east to brutalize coastal Louisiana and Mississippi, and for a brief, thank-you-Jesus moment it seemed the city had been spared the worst—until its underengineered levees burst, unleashing hell in the form of a fast-rising, shit-brown tide. With 80 percent of the city underwater and relief efforts paralyzed by stunning government incompetence, the estimated 100,000 residents who did not or would not evacuate were in a desperate fight for survival.

For every victim and survivor, there's a story. But none is stranger than that of Zack Bowen and Addie Hall, carefree young French Quarter denizens who fell for each other at the exact moment their city was falling apart. And perhaps no story better echoes the ongoing surreality of life in New Orleans, where the flood, though receded, has left behind a slow poison of dread that still eats at the city's soul. A poison also lurked deep within Zack and Addie's disaster-forged bond—one that would erupt into another torrent of violence and leave a shocked city in its wake.

WHEN KATRINA INTENSIFIED TO DOOMSDAY PROPORTIONS OFF THE Gulf Coast, Mayor Ray Nagin issued the first mandatory evacuation order in New Orleans history. But Adriane "Addie" Hall wasn't budging.

The petite 29-year-old bartender's ramshackle cottage apartment, on Governor Nicholls Street in a funkily quaint residential section of the French Quarter, had survived killer storms before. And even if she owned a car, she wouldn't point it toward North Carolina. She hadn't spoken to her family there for three years, and truth be told, ever since her parents' nasty divorce in 1984, rebellious, artsy Addie had been drifting away in search of a new home. Now she'd found it.

The French Quarter is where the Bible Belt gets unbuckled. It took three centuries of French, Spanish, British, Caribbean, and American cross-pollination to meld its seedily alluring culture, and a unique subculture of bartenders, waiters, musicians, valets, and strippers keeps the tourist party pumping. This mostly young cadre is often referred to, even by themselves, as "Quarter Rats." If you've gulped a rum punch at Pat O'Briens or tucked a dollar into a G-string at Big Daddy's, you've met them. They toil for low wages and big tips, compare tattoos in secret side-street bars, and nurse hangovers in crumbling apartments with ➤➤

palm-shaded courtyards. It's not exactly a glamorous life, but it's more fun than folding chinos at the Gap in Des Moines.

"Sexy as hell without trying" is how Larry Lung, 58, a longtime Quarter resident who pays the rent by sweeping out bars, describes his former neighbor Addie. "She wore only a little bit of makeup. She was a country girl and had that natural animal sense about her." Indeed, Addie shared the twangy accent of her forebears, but New Orleans had lent her a bohemian flair, complemented by long blonde tresses, bare shoulders, and a mile-wide stubborn streak.

On the morning of August 28, 2005, however, with the evacuation exodus in full swing, Addie had to wonder if staying was the right choice. Pedaling her beat-up bike through the Quarter, she found that the nation's liveliest party zone had become a ghost town. When she finally spotted another holdout approaching, he looked almost mythic against the wrought iron and gas lamps. It was Zack Bowen, a fellow bartender she'd met working at Hog's Breath Saloon.

Zack was born in California and grew up on the West Coast, but had lived in Louisiana for years. Beyond that, nobody knew much. He seemed a total creature of the Quarter—charming, always ready for a good time. Barflies chuckled that he'd sometimes stroll onto his balcony buck naked. Truth is, Addie and Zack often sniped at each other at work. Now he expressed concern for her safety.

"Wow, you're staying by yourself?" he asked. "Sure you'll be OK?"

The sky grew darker even as they spoke. "Well, if you want, we can wait out the storm together at my place," she suggested.

"Best plan I've heard all day," he replied. "I'll bring some booze."

"That'll work," said Addie, using one of her favorite phrases.

Late that night, when the cottage's electricity surrendered to the storm's mounting fury, they lit a joint off Addie's candles and moved closer to share it. Soon, sheets of rain and broken tree limbs pounded relentlessly at the tin roof, and howling 145 mph winds threatened to rip off the fastened shutters. By then, though, Zack could barely hear the racket over Addie's enthusiastic lovemaking.

TWO DAYS LATER, AS KATRINA'S TRUE HORROR was being revealed, Zack and Addie were loving every minute of the aftermath. Toxic waters lapped at Armstrong Park a couple of blocks away, but the Quarter remained dry, a rising island between the Mississippi and the flooded neighborhoods to the north and west. Without utilities, Addie's apartment was stifling, so the duo dragged a couch and table onto the sidewalk. They learned of the wider crisis from other holdouts who stopped by to pass along rumors about carjackings and gang rapes. If strangers entered their street, Addie brandished her trusty .22-caliber handgun. If they seemed OK, Zack mixed them cocktails from a huge liquor stash "liberated" from nearby bars.

The city grew even more eerily quiet when the National Guard finally evacuated the hellish shelters days later. At night, millions of stars glowed overhead. The new lovers became a survivalist tag team, filling their backyard with scavenged booty—a canoe, battered refrigerators, dozens of bicycles—and feeding a tribe of orphaned cats.

Reporters from *The New York Times* and the *Mobile Register* sought them out as examples of New Orleans' indelible, roll-with-the-flow spirit. The *Times*' piece, headlined "Holdouts on Dry Ground Say, 'Why Leave Now?'" included a picture of Zack and Addie preparing dinner outside on a darkened French Quarter street. "It's actually been kind of nice," Zack told one reporter. "I'm getting healthier, eating right, and toning up."

When Larry Lung returned from riding out the storm at a friend's, he found that Zack had moved in with Addie. "Hey, man," his tall, new neighbor crowed. "You should've been here last night. Three o'clock in the morning, nobody around, so we got naked and fucked in the street!"

Below: After Katrina, members of the Oregon National Guard search a flooded New Orleans. Addie Hall and Zackery Bowen made the best of it, preparing candlelit dinners outside (right) and cribbing supplies from Army units.

They'd scrounged enough canned goods to last for months, but Addie placed homemade WE NEED WATER signs at the end of her street. Soon a military Humvee rolled to a stop at their stoop. As Zack loaded up on MREs and ice, Addie distributed plastic Mardi Gras necklaces to the guardsmen. "Now you toss 'em back to me," she said.

"Why?" asked a perplexed soldier.

"It's a New Orleans thing. Just do it."

The soldiers tossed the beads and Addie promptly flashed her breasts. "It'd be awesome if you keep driving by here," she said, grinning.

"Oh, I think they'll be back," Zack laughed.

Still, after a couple of weeks, even this new postapocalyptic existence became somewhat routine. Addie hatched a scheme to break the monotony. The Spotted Cat, a bar she liked about a half-mile into a nearby hipster neighborhood called the Marigny, was sitting dark. On the night that President Bush delivered a televised speech from Jackson Square, they opened the Cat for business. Anxious locals flocked to the candlelit bar, followed by a squad of soldiers. Everyone had good reason to crave a stiff drink. Zack and Addie pocketed nearly $2,000.

> "THE AFTERMATH OF KATRINA WAS LIKE THEIR HONEYMOON."

"The aftermath of Katrina was like their honeymoon," says Lung. "Zack was a wise-ass, but he wore his feelings on his face, and I could tell he seriously loved Addie. She loved him, too. Then she started catching him in all these little lies."

DETECTIVE RONALD RUIZ IS ONLY 29, BUT THE MUSCLED, SHORT-haired former marine has been an NOPD homicide investigator for six years, and he knows that violent death is as common in the Big Easy as afternoon rain. When the gangs drifted back from Houston and Atlanta after Katrina, homicides—especially street shootings—spiked. Still, it was unusual to be staring at the broken body of a tall white man who'd taken a dive off a classy hotel roof.

Spotted by a maintenance worker, the victim hadn't lain there for more than an hour—the pool of blood around his head was still slick. His left leg, culminating in a black Army boot, was unnaturally bent. The coroner's investigator studied the cigarette burns with curiosity, then pulled a plastic bag from the jeans pocket. Ruiz extracted a small sheet of unlined paper, filled with handwritten block lettering:

17 Oct. 2006 4:30 P.M.
Police, this was not accidental. I had to take my own life to pay for the one I took. If you send a patrol to 826(D) N. Rampart, you will find...

A chill crawled up Ruiz' spine as he continued reading. "I thought

this was going to be a simple case, a suicide and that's that," he says. "So the note was something of a shock."

THOUGH MOST OF NEW ORLEANS REMAINED A FETID GHOST TOWN for months after the waters receded, enough Quarter residents returned to make a viable community again. Zack took a job delivering groceries for Matassa's, an 80-year-old Quarter market where locals can pair chilled gazpacho with malt liquor. Addie started slinging cocktails at the Spotted Cat, and the couple talked excitedly of opening their own place someday, a cool little joint with live music.

Addie was an optimist, but also had a short fuse. "She was a bit insecure and quick to take offense, like if a random person just bumped her stool," says Lung. "I went out drinking with her twice, and both times she pulled her .22 out of her purse and started waving it around."

For a while, it seemed that Zack's laid-back presence diffused Addie's outbursts. Then, in the spring, a wife and kids he'd never bothered to mention showed up. Zack and Lana Bowen had met in New Orleans, married young, and had a daughter and a son soon after. He'd joined the Army in 1999 and drew a three-year overseas tour with the 527th Military Police Company, and they lived in family housing at Giessen Depot, Germany. In 2003, he was sent to Iraq, and the 527th became the first MP company to "cross the berm" from Kuwait into Iraq, sweeping up enemy POWs in the wake of the 3rd Infantry Division's shock-and-awe assault. It escorted 55 fuel tankers to the Tallil Air Base, battling through sandstorms and pockets of Iraqi resistance, and by late April, the 527th was ordered to Baghdad to train the fledgling Iraqi Police Service.

Bowen's superior, Sgt. Julissa Roa, depended on him heavily to get gear prepped for missions and crack jokes that lightened the mood. "He was my go-to guy," she says. Around the time IEDs started blowing up American convoys, Bowen was promoted to sergeant and made his platoon leader's personal driver. In tense moments he would drum a beat on the steering wheel.

The 527th rotated back to Germany in February 2004, but trading a free-fire zone for family life wasn't the relief it would seem. After undergoing foot surgery, Zack subsequently failed two physical training tests; soon his marriage was under stress as well. By the time the Army pushed him out with an early general discharge, he and Lana were separated.

If the chatter around a Quarter bar turned to the quagmire in Iraq, Zack would sometimes quietly divulge that he'd been involved in an incident over there that had messed him up; one of Addie's ex-boyfriends later claimed that Zack had confided to him that during his military service, he'd killed an entire family.

It isn't clear why Lana, who has since avoided the media, tracked down Zack six months after Katrina, but Addie was furious about his failure to reveal his marital status. There were loud, late-night arguments. In June, sensing a darker side to him, she wrote in her diary:

> *Zack is a form of sociopath. He can justify even his most unrational behaviors, no remorse for his actions [or] effects on anyone else...He will obscure and hide, sidestep and lie to avoid the truth, and hates anyone who figures it out. I'm never going to have the life he promised with him.*

Addie had her own torments, of course, and simmering frustration bubbled to the top on August 14. Thinking she was being followed home, Addie pointed her pistol at her supposed stalker and screamed, "What the fuck is wrong with you?" The man summoned the police; she was booked for aggravated assault with a firearm and first-offense possession of marijuana. Zack bailed her out.

While on his delivery job, sometimes Zack took a Miller High Life break at Buffa's Lounge, a working-class corner dive that marks the border between the Quarter and the Marigny. In August, the owner hired him to tend bar on ladies' night.

"Some of those Wednesdays we had women wrapped around the place," says Holly Jacker, flashing a weary grin as she pours bourbon over ice behind the same bar she'd shared with Zack. "He was a handsome, charming motherfucker. He'd flirt with women *and* gay men."

Addie would usually hang out during his shift, but after downing a couple drinks and watching female patrons giggle at her boyfriend's jokes, she'd sulk. The next morning, Jacker would find torn-up cash—tips she'd decided not to give Zack—in pieces beneath Addie's stool.

"If we saw her walk in the door, we'd think, Not this tonight," she says. "You felt the doom in your gut."

"One day I asked him, 'Why don't you just leave her for good?'" says Rhonda Griffis, another bartender at Buffa's. "'Are you addicted to the drama?' He said, 'Yes.'"

"Plus, he said she could do things sexually," whispers Jacker. "He had beautiful women after him, but apparently Addie was wild in bed."

For rootless Quarter Rats, the bar where you work is your de facto family, so it's little surprise that Addie's Spotted Cat coworkers have a different perspective on the relationship. To manager Eura Jones, Addie was "a darn good barmaid" who "smiled every time you'd see her." It was Zack who was jealous. "He'd look to see who was looking at her. She had to be sociable, and he didn't like that. Didn't like it at all."

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF KATRINA, WITH BRIAN WILLIAMS and Anderson Cooper somberly reminding the nation of New Orleans' misery, Quarter entrepreneurs were hawking FUCK FEMA T-shirts and getting on with their laissez-faire lifestyles. Zack was enjoying the popularity that came with his delivery and bartending gigs. He grew his hair to shoulder length, and even added a pirate-style hoop earring. ➤➤

After one long night of carousing, he crawled into bed and woke Addie for sex. Days later, friends broke it to her that Zack had slept with someone else earlier that night—a man.

Addie was livid at the betrayal, and at the thought that she might not really know the man she so desperately loved, though Zack denied he was bisexual. She wrote him a vitriolic letter that, in part, read:

> *Don't you want to be a real man?...Love is compassion—stopping and thinking: I have someone else's feelings/life/heart/interests to think about... You put your hands on me, under false pretenses and didn't flinch!? I don't think it's wrong—BRINGING IT INTO MY BED IS. You threw away the only person that truly cared about you.*

She threatened to leave him, then relented. And as summer turned to fall, there were additional stresses. Her landlord evicted them over an unpaid plumbing bill. Luckily, Zack spotted a FOR RENT sign just five blocks away, on a weathered, two-story N. Rampart Street building. On October 2, they met the property's landlord, Leo Watermeier, 57, a well-dressed native New Orleanian who'd recently run unsuccessfully for mayor. Addie liked the place, especially because it sat above the Voodoo Spiritual Temple, which offers scholarly books and even rituals performed by Priestess Miriam at bone-and-feather-festooned altars. The couple immediately loaded their meager possessions onto a luggage dolly and tugged it over.

On the morning of October 4, Addie knocked on Watermeier's door to remind him that she wanted to sign a six-month lease. Like many Quarter landlords, he doesn't bother with leases; he scribbled some legalese on a sheet of notebook paper. "That'll work," she said.

Minutes later, Watermeier's phone rang. "Did you just sign a lease with Addie?" Zack asked angrily. "I'm screwed. She's kicking me out."

Watermeier walked to the apartment to talk to Addie.

"I caught him cheating on me," she spat. "I don't want him here."

Zack retreated inside; Addie insisted that she could pay the rent on her own. "The last thing I needed was to get caught in the middle of their conflict, so we left it at that," says Watermeier.

"TWO BAKING TRAYS HELD SEVERED ARMS, CALVES, AND THIGHS."

TURNING THE PASSKEY TO 826-D N. RAMPART Street, Detective Ruiz braced himself for what he might find. Unless, maybe, the nightmare scene described in the note was a sick joke played by a man disturbed enough to leap off a roof. He flipped the light switch and saw disarray. On the wall above a futon covered in dozens of empty beer cans, black spray paint spelled out: TOTAL FAILURE and I LOVED HER!!! In the adjoining bedroom, more spray paint: HELP ME STOP THE PAIN!!! And on the bathroom's shower tile: I'M SORRY I COULDN'T FINISH. Finally, in the kitchen, on the oven door: DON'T LOOK.

Ruiz didn't have that option. He approached the Tappan range and lifted the lid off a silver pot. Inside sat a human head, charred black. Suppressing the urge to recoil, he moved on to a larger white pot. It contained a mass of boiled flesh separating from bone, not quite erasing the outline of hands and feet. He opened the oven. Two baking trays held what appeared to be severed arms, calves, and thighs.

The refrigerator offered no respite. A jar of mayonnaise and a jug of tea sat on the top shelf; on the bottom shelf, a garbage bag stuffed with a limbless, headless torso.

Ruiz staggered back, forced his mind to focus, and then continued processing the scene, needing to connect this butchery to the broken body on the rooftop eight blocks away. By the futon, perched atop a peanut butter jar, he spotted an open book. It was Addie's diary. At the end of her infrequent entries, a different, blocky handwriting took over.

> *Well, let's see, today is Mon. 16 Oct. 2:00 A.M. I killed her at 1 A.M. Thurs. 5 Oct. She had stolen this apartment from me (ask Leo the landlord, he'll explain that one), tried to kick me out, then would not shut the fuck up, so I very calmly strangled her.*

Zack's confession mixes nightmarish imagery with a cavalier tone over eight pages. He doesn't bother to recount the moments that immediately preceded the strangulation, but from there he spares little detail, making claims of "sexually defiling" her corpse before passing out drunk next to it that night.

The next morning, he cranked up the AC and went to work at the mar-

HAUNTING THE BIG EASY

New Orleans has long been a magnet for strange characters of all sorts. Here are some of the most notable.

Jean and Pierre Lafitte
These French brothers, headquartered in New Orleans, commanded a small navy of pirates who essentially controlled the Gulf of Mexico in the early 19th century. During the War of 1812, the brothers—who had established the "kingdom" of Barataria in the bayous surrounding the city—led their armada of 1,000 men to New Orleans against the British.

Marie Laveau
The Queen of Voodoo is a legendary figure in New Orleans history: a sorceress, healer, and psychic who led all of the voodoo ceremonies in the city for most of the 19th century. Her longevity is ascribed to the fact that her daughter, to whom she bore a striking resemblance, took over Laveau's duties. Her tomb in Saint Louis cemetery is said to be haunted.

Delphine Lalaurie
This high-society psycho is one of the most sadistic figures in New Orleans history. When a fire broke out in the kitchen of her mansion, authorities discovered six chained slaves, many of whom had been subjected to hideous medical experiments. Most were dead. When the mansion was later renovated, 60 bodies were found. They had been buried alive.

The Axeman of New Orleans
Likely inspired by Jack the Ripper, the Axeman was a serial killer who terrorized New Orleans in 1918 and 1919, killing six. The Axeman's method was to bash in the victim's door before ravenously hacking them to pieces. Like many serial killers, he taunted the public and the police through letters to local newspapers. His identity remains unknown.

The Times-Picayune

BOYFRIEND CUT UP CORPSE, COOKED IT

Killer's suicide note leads cops to grisly scene

Left: A *Times-Picayune* headline from October 19, 2006, became an eerie endnote to a story that began with Zack Bowen (above) cooking for Addie Hall in the street after Hurricane Katrina. He'd end his own life from the roof of a ritzy hotel (right).

ket. His boss, Louis Matassa, remembers, "You could see something was on his mind. He just sat behind the counter, dwelling on something."

That night, he dumped Addie into the tub and undertook the grisly task of sawing through her wrists, ankles, and neck, pausing to guzzle copious amounts of beer. His goal was to "dispose of the meat in various ways" over the weekend, but instead, as he later wrote, he "spent most of that time coked up in different bars with different girls." Thus fortified, with Addie's dismembered remains festering in the apartment, he reported for work again at 7 A.M. Monday.

Lung stopped by the store for lunch. "Hey, Zack," he asked, "when's Addie coming back for her cats?"

"Real soon. She's just getting settled into the new place first."

"OK, tell her hi," Lung said.

Back in the apartment that night, Zack realized he'd never get away with this, not even in New Orleans. He was trapped, as surely as those Katrina casualties who'd clawed at their attic ceilings, praying for the salvation that never came. The flood was at his chin and rising fast.

"I scared myself not by the action of calmly strangling the woman whom I've loved for 1½ years, and then desecrating her body; but by my entire lack of remorse," he wrote.

A new mood dictated a new plan. He stowed the torso in the fridge, took $1,500 cash he had stashed, and embarked on a weeklong bender—"good food, good drugs, good strippers, good friends, and any loose ends I may have had...Fuck it all and fucking no regrets."

The confession isn't specific about his binge, but it's not hard to imagine Zack in Arnaud's or some other venerated Quarter restaurant, peeling shrimp with fingernails stained with Addie's blood. Or in a seamy Bourbon Street strip club, glassy-eyed on narcotics as lapdancers wondered how many more $20 bills were in this tall guy's pants.

Meanwhile, Watermeier dealt with several chores in the courtyard of 826 N. Rampart, noting only that his new tenants' bathroom light was always on. Downstairs, Priestess Miriam conducted African bone readings and never sensed, or smelled, a thing.

Zack missed his bartending shift Wednesday night, so when Jacker saw him pedal past Buffa's the next day, she rushed outside. "Yay!" she yelled. "You're not dead!"

"Huh?" he asked, braking at the curb.

"Hell, we thought that girl Addie killed you!"

Zack assured Jacker he was fine. Two days later, he showed up at Buffa's, bought a round, then cheerily announced he was leaving town to go diving in the Caymans. "Just think," one regular toasted, "tomorrow you'll be in paradise."

But the next day, Jones spotted him as he wheeled past the Spotted Cat. "Well, hello, son," she called, figuring she'd ask him why Addie hadn't shown up for work lately.

"Hey, mama," he answered, but kept pedaling.

That evening, October 16, 11 days after he killed Addie, Zack spent one last night in the apartment. This time he attacked his own body, chain-lighting Marlboros and pressing their glowing tips 13 times to each arm and twice to his chest. He savored the fresh pain as he wrote in Addie's diary, ending his ramblings with these words:

Failures: School. Friends. Jobs. Military. Marriage. Parenthood. Morals. Love. Every last one of these I've failed at. Hence the 28 cigarette burns...one for each failed year of my existence.

By the time the sun set again, Zack lay dead on a rooftop, and reporters were uncovering the ghoulish details that inspired headlines such as the local *Times-Picayune*'s "Katrina Survivalist's Descent Into Madness" and *USA Today*'s "Dismemberment Suspect Lived It Up Before Suicide."

In the Quarter, news travels more informally, from stoop to balcony, strip joint to bar, losing and gaining focus depending on how altered the state of the teller. In the days after, several watering holes held wakes for Zack and Addie, and then the mourners returned to their own on-the-edge lives. Survival in post-Katrina New Orleans has enough challenges without dwelling on such horror.

But if you pull up a stool with the couple's friends, it becomes clear that the grisly crime has had its own peculiar aftermath, one that's perhaps as hard to comprehend as even the random destruction of a metropolis. Matassa theorizes that Zack accidentally snapped Addie's neck. "He was a nice guy; everybody loved him," he says, shrugging. "Addie was more the kind of person that nobody would've missed."

Indeed, there's a kind of restrained sympathy for Zack in the Quarter. He was the guy who lived life in a disaster zone right—one drink, one meal, one tax-free tip at a time. Maybe Iraq made him blow a fuse, or maybe Katrina. But many can't resist pinning blame on crazy Addie, who so often ruined Zack's buzz.

As Jacker pushes another High Life across the Buffa's bar, she even speculates on Zack's claim of raping Addie's corpse. "I've heard stories about how when someone finds an overdosed lover, they have sex with the body because they believe this life-giving act can bring them back. And sex was the key thing of Zack and Addie's relationship."

Of course, these happy-hour rationalizers don't reckon with this fact: As volatile as Addie was, she never fired that .22, even when her demons howled the loudest. It was Zack who stared into the eyes of his lover as she gasped for her last breath. It was Zack who desecrated her corpse. And it was Zack who partied while she festered.

"It would've been great if he'd turned himself in," says Detective Ruiz. "A lot of people would've wanted to talk to him. A lot of people wanted to figure out what was going through his mind." ●

"Nude massage."
Married senator **Chuck Robb**'s perfectly innocent explanation for why he was in a hotel room with a former Miss Virginia

"I didn't want to hurt them; I only wanted to kill them."
Serial killer **David Berkowitz**

"The truth is, I'm not perfect. This is not about perfection. I don't expect anybody else to be perfect either."
Laurie David, producer of *An Inconvenient Truth*, excusing herself for taking private jets several times a year

"The police, since my trouble, have not worked out for me."
O.J. Simpson on why he did not call police to help him reclaim what he believed was stolen sports memorabilia from a Las Vegas hotel room

"When the president does it, that means it is not illegal."
Richard Nixon on wire-tapping without a warrant

the worst "excuses" OF ALL TIME

When Senator Larry Craig told police he urinates with a wide stance to explain why his foot was tapping underneath the stall of a police officer in an airport men's room, he earned a spot in the pantheon of infamous bullshitters.

"I was told that I should shoplift. My director said I should try it out."
Winona Ryder after being arrested at Saks Fifth Avenue with $4,760 worth of clothes and accessories stuffed in a bag

"It was just one of those quirky, sort of naughty, sort of wild, sort of, you know, drunken things that people will do from time to time."
Rob Lowe on how he filmed himself sleeping with an underage girl

"I was just giving her a ride home."
Eddie Murphy to a police officer after he was pulled over for picking up a transvestite prostitute

"The heart wants what it wants."
Woody Allen justifying his affair with the adopted daughter of his common-law wife Mia Farrow

"I didn't inhale it and never tried it again."
Bill Clinton on his pot-smoking youth

"I have severe acid reflux."
Ashlee Simpson on why she lip-synced during a live performance on *Saturday Night Live*

"I had other priorities."
Dick Cheney on skipping service in Vietnam

"I don't recall."
Former attorney general **Alberto Gonzales** on why eight U.S. attorneys were fired, rebutting accusations that partisan politics played a role

"An open-handed slap is justified if all other alternatives fail and there has been plenty of warning. If a woman is a bitch or hysterical or bloody-minded continually, then I'd do it."
Sean Connery on relationships in 1965

"We use the word *nigger*. We don't mean, 'You fucking-scum nigger without a soul.' We don't mean that shit. But America would think we mean that."
Dog the Bounty Hunter in a phone message to his son explaining why he uses the N-word while bounty hunting

"Deep and seemingly endless frustration."
The reason **Alec Baldwin** gave for referring to his 11-year-old daughter as a "rude little pig" in a voice mail message

"I don't think anybody anticipated the breach of the levees."
President Bush after Katrina

"I'm 72 years old. I'm dyslexic."
Actor **Robert Blake** on why he gave a different account of the night his wife was murdered during his civil trial

"I have really bad menstrual cramps."
Nicole Richie explaining why Vicodin was found in her system when she was pulled over for driving the wrong way on a California freeway

"I didn't mean to say it."
John McCain's 95-year-old mom after stating that Mitt Romney and all Salt Lake City Mormons were to blame for the 2002 Olympic bribery scandal

"I was sending mental signals for the ball not to come my way, because during that time of day it's impossible for me to see the ball, so I lacked mental signals."
Why Seattle Mariners center fielder **Ichiro Suzuki** dropped a fly ball

"Vanishing twin."
Olympic champion **Tyler Hamilton**'s defense to blood-doping allegations, explaining how his twin died in utero, resulting in evidence of two kinds of blood in his body

"I had serious blackouts. There were times when I would get up in the morning and nobody ever wanted to tell me what I lost. I didn't know whether I lost $50,000 or $500,000."
Former Philadelphia Eagles owner **Leonard Tose**, who countersued the Sands for getting him drunk when they tried to collect gambling debts

"I got caught up in the excitement of the moment."
Michael Jackson apologizing for dangling his baby out a third-story hotel window

"It's a staged shot, and what a fucking liberty to suggest I'd bang up a sleeping lass."
Pete Doherty explaining a photo of him injecting a passed-out woman with a syringe

"He didn't stop breathing or anything. He did nothing. I would have let go. I wasn't going to kill him."
Basketball star **Latrell Sprewell** on choking coach P.J. Carlesimo

"Bitch set me up."
Washington, D.C. mayor **Marion Barry** after he was caught smoking crack in a hotel room with a former girlfriend-turned-FBI informant

"I didn't want to, but I just thought if I didn't do it he wouldn't be my friend anymore."
Amy Fisher's explanation for having repeated sex with a prison guard

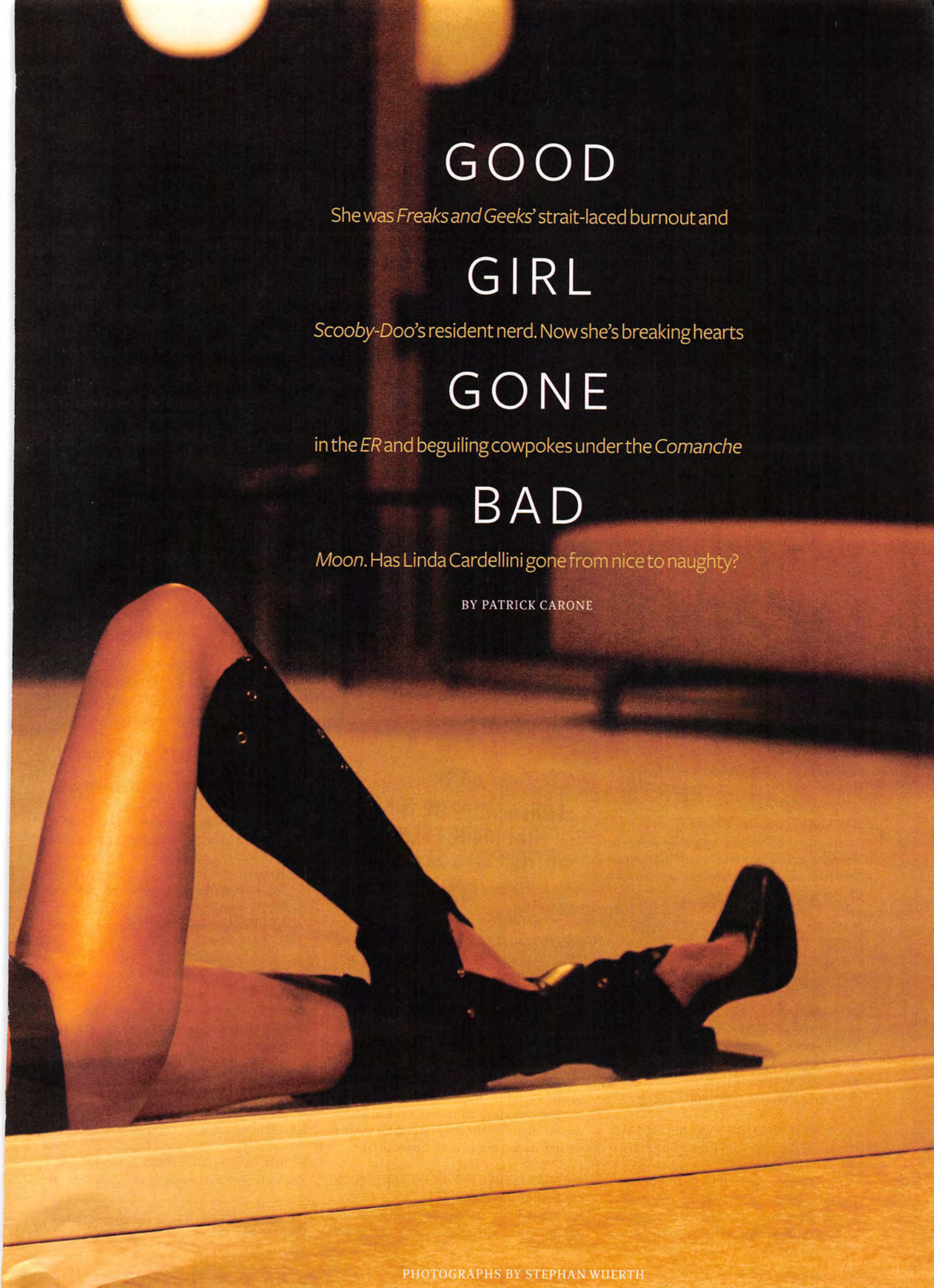
"I slept funny and couldn't blink."
Jose Cardenal explaining why he missed the Chicago Cubs' season opener in 1974

"The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."
Eve's excuse for eating the apple God explicitly told her not to

"I'm an American League fan, and I go with the American League team."
Yankees cheerleader **Rudy Giuliani** on why he wore a Red Sox cap while pining for votes in Massachusetts

"Wasn't mine."
Tom Sizemore after getting caught with a prosthetic penis filled with clean urine during a drug test

"I never asked."
Barry Bonds on his purportedly accidental use of performance-enhancing drugs supplied by his trainer

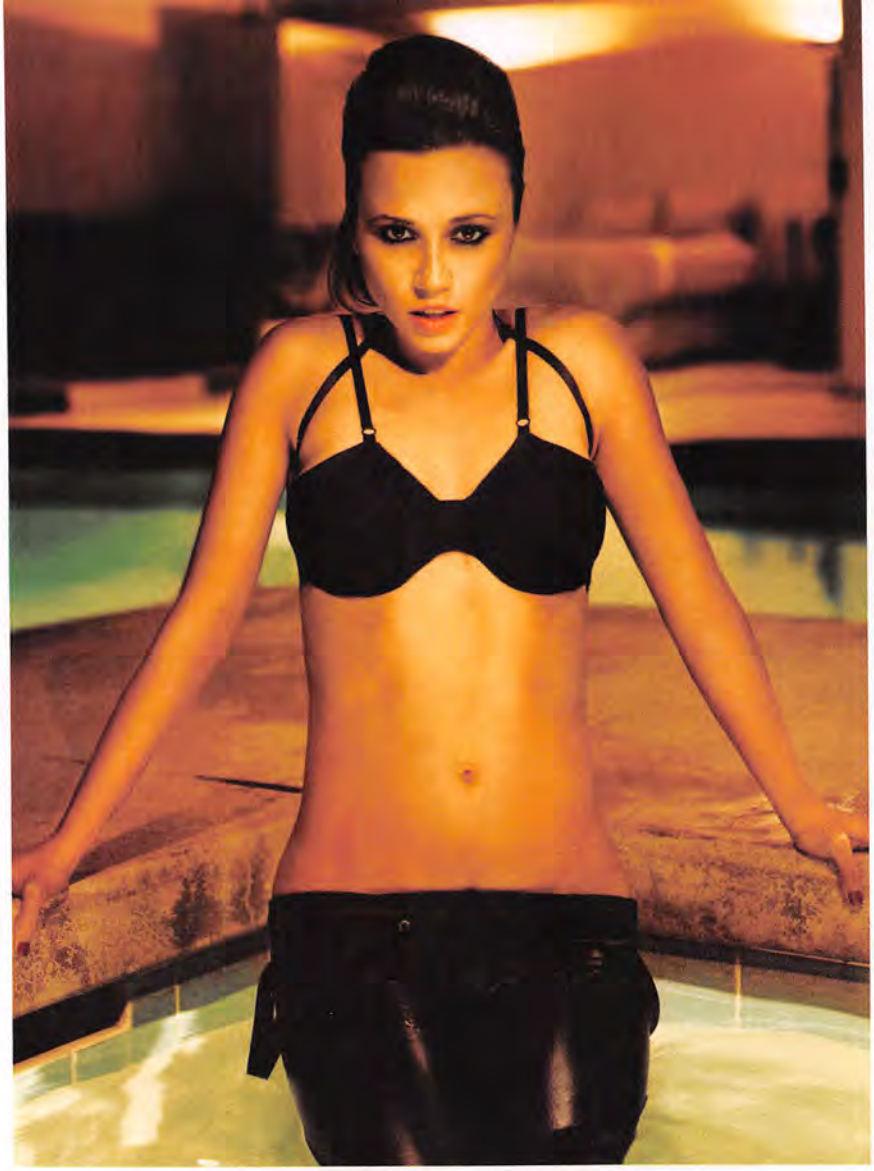


GOOD GIRL GONE BAD

She was *Freaks and Geeks*' strait-laced burnout and *Scooby-Doo*'s resident nerd. Now she's breaking hearts in the *ER* and beguiling cowpokes under the *Comanche Moon*. Has Linda Cardellini gone from nice to naughty?

BY PATRICK CARONE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHAN WUERTH



CONSIDERING YOU PLAYED AWKWARD LINDSAY WEIR IN *FREAKS AND GEEKS* AND NERDY VELMA IN *SCOOBY-DOO*, SOME PEOPLE MIGHT BE KIND OF SURPRISED TO SEE YOU IN *MAXIM*.

I'm on what I call a "yes" binge. For one year, when somebody asks me something, I just say "yes" if I can't make up my mind. And I thought, *OK, this is one thing I've never done.*

THAT SOUNDS WAY MORE FUN THAN TRYING TO "PAY IT FORWARD."

I've done so many things that I wouldn't normally do, it's just fantastic.

DO YOU STILL MEET *FREAKS AND GEEKS* FREAKS?

Yeah, they're some of my most ardent fans. The amazing thing about the show is that it lives on. We were only on for 18 episodes, but I recently saw that there is a Lindsay Weir MySpace page. So it continues on for some people.

THAT'S BOTH FREAKY *AND* GEEKY. DID YOU HAVE A SENSE AT THE TIME THAT THE SHOW WOULD BECOME A CULT CLASSIC?

We loved what we were doing, but I don't think you can gauge what will or won't be successful. We all knew it was special, and at least we got to go out in a way that people respect.

> "I DID A MOVE ON THE SET THAT MADE EVEN THE STRIPPER'S JAW DROP."

ARE YOU GLAD *FREAKS* EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JUDD APATOW IS CURRENTLY ENJOYING SOME MODEST SUCCESS?

I'm happy for him. We always joked about *Freaks and Geeks* being a big failure, so it's nice to see.

IT MUST BE EVER SO SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WORKING ON A TV INSTITUTION LIKE *ER*.

Coming from *Freaks* to something that has over 300 episodes...it's frightening. Plus, the actual work I have to do terrifies me. The medical jargon is rough, but the hardest part for me is assisting in procedures, even if they're fake.

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T LOOK FORWARD TO PLUNGING SYRINGES INTO PEOPLE?

No! In fact, in my first episode I had to stab this guy in the neck with a needle. It was retractable, but it wasn't retracting. Finally, he turned to me and said, "I'm sorry, but you're hurting me." He had a giant red welt on his neck.

PLEASE TELL US YOU RIDICULE YOUR *ER* COSTAR JOHN STAMOS FOR HIS *FULL HOUSE* DAYS.

Well, sometimes he'll call me Velma, and I'll call him Uncle Jesse.

CLOSE ENOUGH. DO PEOPLE EVER ASK YOU FOR MEDICAL ADVICE?

No, and I'm not sure if I should be insulted, because they ask other cast members. Once I was in an airport, and one of the guys working there came up to me and said, "Are you the girl from *ER*? I have to say, I thought it was the hottest thing in the world when you shot your ex in the head." I thought, *That is the worst pickup line I've ever heard.*

YOU GOT TO SPEND SOME TIME AWAY FROM THE HOSPITAL TO SHOOT THE CBS MINISERIES *COMANCHE MOON*. DID YOU ENJOY IT?

We shot it in Santa Fe, and it was hot and dry, and I was wearing about 10 pounds of clothes. I had to be tied into a corset every day.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT PROBLEM AT OUR SHOOT.

No, no. I'd had it with corsets by that point.

SINCE YOU WERE FILMING A WESTERN, DID ANYBODY CRACK *BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN* JOKES?

After filming that, there were few places where I didn't hear *Brokeback Mountain* jokes.

***GRANDMA'S BOY* IS FAST BECOMING A FAVORITE OF THE PLAYSTATION-AND-POT SET. DO YOU, LIKE YOUR CHARACTER, GRAB THE MIKE AT PARTIES AND BREAK INTO SALT-N-PEPA SONGS?**

We've all embarrassed ourselves after having a bit too much to drink. When I got that script, it said my character does a move that even makes the stripper in the room drop her jaw. I couldn't figure out what that move would be, and then I realized it would be funny if she fell over drunk trying to lick her own breast. I brought it on the set, and everybody enjoyed it.

WE CAN IMAGINE. THAT CHARACTER WAS A FAR CRY FROM DORKY VELMA.

Velma is very nerdy, but at the same time she's very broad. There aren't many roles like that where you get to play somebody who's smart but also incredibly goofy.

DO YOU MEET GUYS WHO THINK VELMA IS SEXY?

Yes, lots of them. I think she's the good girl who leaves things up to the imagination.

PERHAPS A FEW LADIES FIND HER HOT TOO?

Yes, Velma has a strong lesbian following. ●

Linda stars in *ER* on NBC, *Comanche Moon* on CBS, and the upcoming feature film *The Heaven Project*.

STYLIST, KAREN SHAPIRO; PROP STYLING, MUNGAI NGUKU FOR THEREXAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP, DAWN RIROI ISSARD FOR MAGNET; A

“
GUYS THINK I'M THE GOOD GIRL WHO LEAVES THINGS TO THE IMAGINATION.
”

PAGE 98 GET GYM-SAVVY THE LAZY MAN'S FITNESS GUIDE
PAGE 100 DIY BUILD YOUR OWN HOBO STOVE
PAGE 101 SLEEP SMART! FIVE WAYS TO CRASH BETTER
PAGE 101 BED MEDS STRONGER SLEEP THROUGH DRUGS
PAGE 102 SLASH'S TIPS GN'R'S GURU ON NEW YEAR'S EVE
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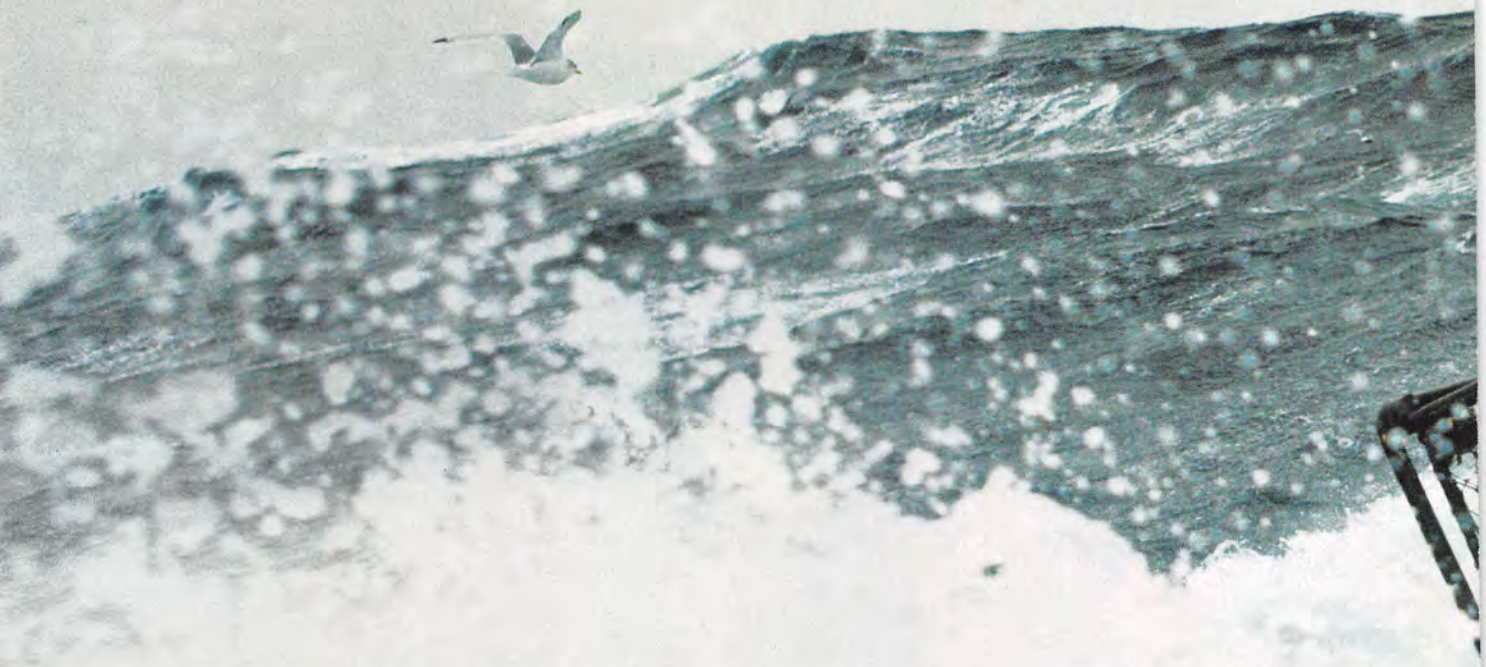
EXPERT

{EXTRAORDINARY ADVICE FOR EVERYDAY LIFE}



FOUR THE HARD WAY

Cubicle work got you down? Break out with lucrative seasonal gigs that put the "man" in manual labor.

Thanks to shows like *Deadliest Catch* that paint a vivid picture of what "a hard day's work" really entails (hint: it doesn't involve changing printer toner), the age-old fantasy of ditching everyday life to take on a high-paying, high-risk short-term job has taken on a new life. "Before the show there were seasons where we had light crews," says Sig Hansen, captain of the featured crab-fishing vessel, *Northwestern*. "Now we've got guys camping out on the beach for a chance to prove themselves." Here, a closer look at the backbreaking gigs making some corporate types feel less dead on the inside.

1. Seasonal Wildland Firefighter
Forest fires generally translate to burning-hot cash, and your 20-person crew will ship out to a flareup at a moment's notice. But watch out: Even after 14 straight 16-hour days, "You have to adjust to an environment that changes at a moment's notice," says Larry Grorud, VP of the International Association of Fire Chiefs.
Risks: Smoke, gases, chainsaw mishaps
Pay: $14/hour to $90,000/year

2. Security Specialist
A stint in the military isn't must-have experience for those willing to take a bullet for international businessmen with thick wallets. "Most private security providers give their own training," says Pete Metzger of executive search firm CTPartners. "But know that in war zones, there's a 50 percent chance you'll be shot at."
Risks: Bullets, bombs, and Blackwater types
Pay: Up to $120,000/year

3. Oil-Rig Worker
There are two ways to earn a title like roustabout or roughneck: get a job on an offshore oil rig or kill a man with your bare hands. The work is tough, and one misstep on a slippery grate will send you plummeting headlong into the sea. Then again, some grueling oil-rig jobs include luxury downtime. Land ho, bitches.
Risks: Ear damage, explosions, lonelines
Pay: $420/day

4. Commercial Fisherman

"We tell them to leave their brains at the dock," says Hansen of the newly bearded city slickers tiptoeing north hoping to maneuver 700-pound crab pots into the freezing waters of the north Pacific. "All we want is someone who can go with the flow, work 36-hour shifts, and occasionally do three straight days without sleep." Injuries are common, so newbies hang around dock bars in coastal Alaska, Washington, and Maine for open spots and up to eight percent of a good week's $300,000 haul.

Risks: Broken feet, smashed hands, severed fingers, crushed dreams

Pay: As much as $20,000/week

Insert your own "that dude has crabs" joke here!

GET GYM-FIT FAST!

Hate working out? Here's the least painful way to get the ball rolling.

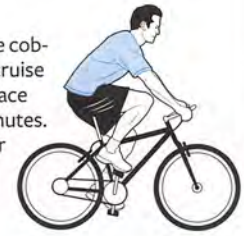
Such a cruel paradox: You desperately want to get in shape, but you're too far gone to feel comfortable at a gym. To ready your flabby cadaver for an actual gym routine, we enlisted Alex Laws, the personal trainer who whipped skate punk Danny Way into shape for his superhuman jump over the Great Wall of China, and Alyse Levine, M.S., R.D., an official nutritionist for Discovery Health's National Body Challenge. Peel off those tear-away pants and bring on the emasculation!

Kick-Start Your Heart

1. Jog
If prescribed walking makes you feel like a senior mall patron, try a jog instead of a stroll. Running on the street or sidewalk can pulverize legs in disuse, so start on grass or gravel. When you begin wheezing, take a cab home and cry yourself to sleep.

2. Climb
Too freezing to motivate for outdoor activity? Make like Rocky and jog up the stairs of your office building or apartment for 20 minutes at a stretch. Going down can be tough on knees and shins, so walk (or even better, hop on the damn elevator).

3. Ride
Delicate ankles? Brush the cobwebs off your Huffy and cruise on flat, even terrain at a pace you can sustain for 30 minutes. "Riding a bike will get your blood flowing without the impact of jogging or walking," says Laws.



Dust Off Your Muscles

1. Prone Bridge
You're only as strong as the humping muscles in your abs and lower back. "Get on your elbows and toes, hold yourself prone for 10 seconds a shot, then lower it back down," says Laws.

2. Modified Push-up
A steady diet of modified push-ups will prep your feminine self for the dreaded bench press. Lower for two counts, raise for two counts, and repeat (best do this one in private, Dorothy).

3. Alternating Superman
To prep yourself for classic burners like deadlifts, lie facedown on your stomach, raise your right arm and left leg, hold for several seconds, lower, and repeat on the other side. It's a bird!

Consume Wisely

1. Stick to H_2O
Hardcore endurance athletes need a ton of salt and sugar to stay energized, but it's not like you're making a late-stage push in the Tour de France. "Unless you're working out for more than an hour, you don't need anything but water to stay hydrated," says Levine.

2. Fuel Your Body Wisely
There's a reason marathon runners carbo-load. "Consuming carbohydrates during exercise is the best way to replenish your stores of glycogen, the body's main fuel source," says Levine. For sustained energy, try a piece of fruit 20 minutes before you work out.

3. Don't Fall Into Old Patterns
"Exercise isn't a free pass to eat whatever you want," says Levine. "Remember, jogging for three miles will only burn off about one slice of pizza." Instead, stock up on wheat bagels and low-fat peanut butter and limit yourself to eating pizza three times a week.

Know Your Meatheads

Mind if I work in and bang out a quick set, bro?

1. Speed Freak
Don't be insulted when this guy asks to "work in" on your machine—he's just rushing through his routine for a better workout. If he's considerate, he'll replace your weights and wipe it off.

Can I get a spot? Just give me a lift off, please.

2. Calculated Jock
Asking for a spot and asking for help are two different things. Less is more, so keep your hands to yourself until he asks for a "lift off" or starts to struggle. Then assist him as little as possible.

Two more plates...shit yeah...*Arrrrgh!*

3. Angry Lifter
No gym experience is complete without that obnoxious asshat who punctuates every movement with a grunt, hiss, fart, or growl. Just know that "plates" almost always mean 45-pounders.

TEXT, ANDREW VONTZ; ILLUSTRATION, AARON ASHLEY

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Supplies

2	beer cans
1	strip of sandpaper
1	precision knife
1	small wad of fiberglass
1	pushpin
3	tsp. rubbing alcohol
1	wire coat hanger
1	lighter

PBR BURNER!

Gambled away your utilities money again? Take two beers, fashion a hobo stove, and live another day.

1. Drain the contents of the first can and measure one inch from the base. Use fine sandpaper to remove the paint and any dents, then slice off this piece as cleanly and evenly as possible with your knife.

2. Use the bottom of the unopened can to widen the newly cut base of the first can for fitting purposes. Now empty the contents of the second can (the fun part!), sand down the base, and cut it in the same fashion.

3. Place a small wad of fiberglass into the base to help spread your fuel out evenly. Now work the can bottoms together until they're even and tight, making sure there are no openings for fuel to escape.

4. Using a sharp pushpin, poke a cross pattern of five openings into the center of the top can (this is where you'll pour the fuel). For the jet holes, poke 16 evenly spaced openings all along the outer ring.

5. Carefully pour about three teaspoons of fuel (rubbing alcohol, Everclear, denatured alcohol, or Heet) into the center holes of your stove. Clean up any spills or you'll be sorry when it's time for ignition.

6. If you don't have a metal stand, bend a coat hanger into a stable shape that won't fall over. For optimal cooking, configure it to hold the pot roughly four inches above the burner. You're ready to grill!

AS WITH ANYTHING CONCEIVED BY DEPRESSION-ERA HOBOS, THIS STOVE IS DANGEROUS. BE CAREFUL!

TEXT, DAN REILLY; PHOTOGRAPHS, EDWARD SMITH

"Fine, you win. I'll blink."

REST ASSURED

Millions of Americans battle insomnia every night, but with these tips you'll be catching Z's in no time.

Bush-league sleepers cost U.S. businesses an estimated $150 billion annually in absenteeism and lost productivity. But fear not, rookie snoozers! While other Americans spend $4.5 billion per year on sleeping pills (see sidebar), we're here to correct your dozing naturally. We even (yawn) brought in the experts to help.

Clear Your Head

Psychological links run deep, and things that happened to you as a kid—that bed-shitting incident at camp, say—can still be affecting your sleep. To avoid new hang-ups, send your subconscious the right message by limiting bedroom activities to sleeping and boning. "If you're in bed for 20 minutes, go downstairs and read a book," says sleep psychotherapist Michelle P. Maidenberg. "Get out of there so you don't associate your bed with tossing and turning."

Clean Up Your Act

"Take the pillow test on sleepbetter.org to find out which type is right for you," says Michael Breus, sleep specialist and author of *Good Night: The Sleep Doctor's 4-Week Program to Better Sleep and Better Health*. "Then, change it once a year—the amount of sweat, oil, and other fluids that leak out of your head at night is crazy, and it breaks down the fabric." Damn—just when that pillow was getting broken in!

Psych Yourself Out

Leave the sheep-counting to Kentucky pimps and wrangle some shuteye with one of Maidenberg's relaxation techniques. Start by breathing deeply, then talk out loud about a soothing image, like a recent vacation. Not working? Try Breus' approach and count backward from 300... by threes. "It's so damn boring that you pass out," he says. "I've never made it past 150."

Eat to Crash

According to Yahoo! Food columnist Val Weaver, whole-wheat bread releases insulin to speed your uptake of tryptophan (the sleepy-time "turkey drug"), while bananas combine doze-inducing melatonin, serotonin, and muscle-relaxing magnesium. What about a nightcap? Alcohol may make you pass out quicker, but the sleep quality sucks. "The light, crappy sleep you get with alcohol in your system is half the cause of hangovers," Breus explains.

Dim Your World

A night-light can save you plenty of midnight misery. "The second you turn on bright lights, your brain thinks it's morning and stops producing melatonin, the key engine to the sleeping process," says Breus. Studies also show that flashing TV lights degrade sleep, so if you absolutely need *Sin City Diaries* to pass out, at least set the timer so it doesn't wake you up and reset your precious sleep cycle.

"But where does the third one go?"

Knocker Outers!

The pros and cons of sleep meds.

Ambien

Pros: Knocks most people out quicker than a rolling-pin strike to the temple.
Cons: Not great for toss-and-turners who have a tough time *staying* asleep (only lasts 2–3 hours); some claim they're hooked.

Tylenol PM

Pros: Might alleviate that postdinner, pre-porn headache you've been getting lately.
Cons: May have little efficacy on sleep or sleep quality; may cause liver problems if taken while boozing.

Lunesta

Pros: Goes the distance for a full 5–6 hours of uninterrupted pillow time.
Cons: Not ideal for people who have a difficult time *getting* to sleep (it starts slowly but finishes strong, like you in the sack).

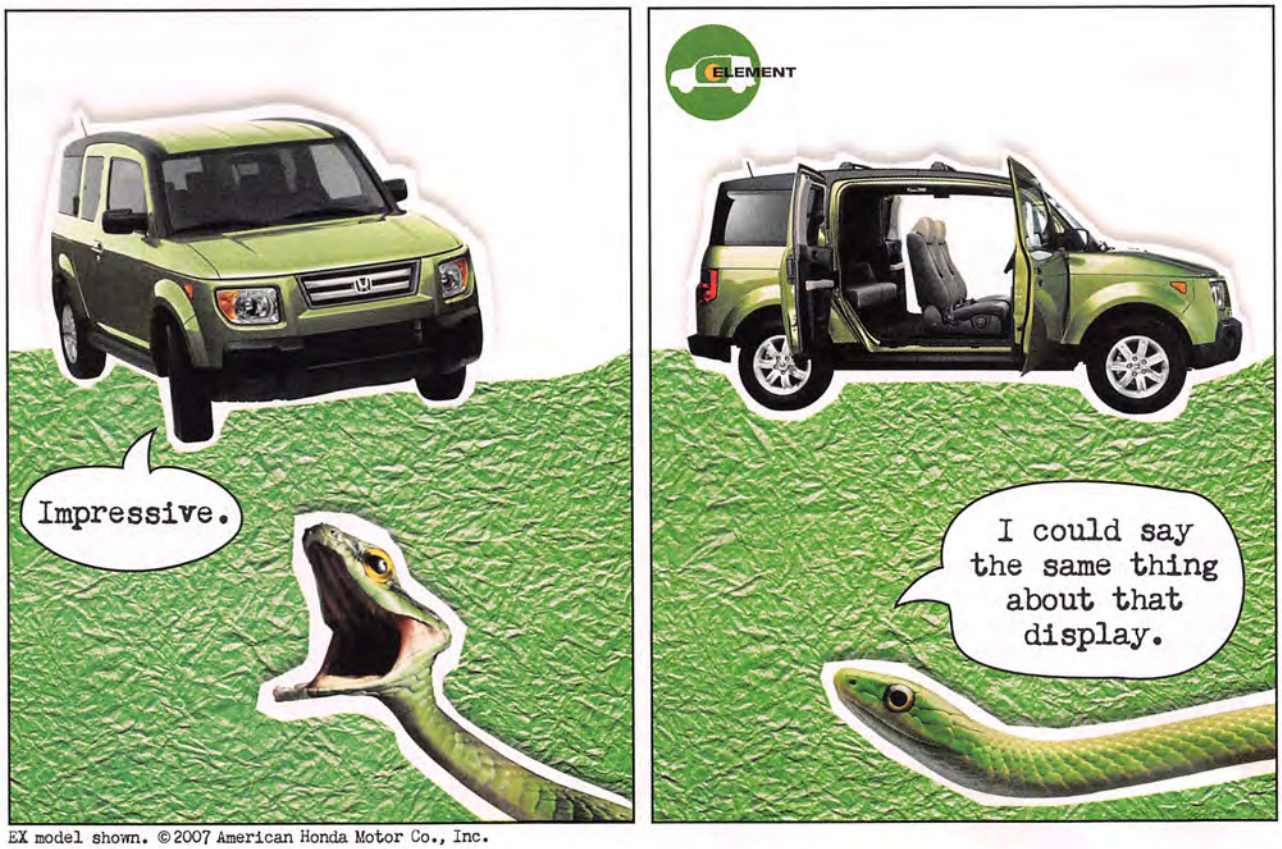
TEXT: STEVE MARZOLF

NEW YEAR'S EVE SURVIVAL GUIDE

Slash's no-bullshit tips on dominating December 31.

1. If you're throwing a party, plan further ahead than normal.
"My wife and I have been good at throwing parties ever since we started dating, but back then they were usually chemical- and alcohol-driven. If you're throwing a big New Year's bash, you have to be prepared for anything—people passing out, people getting together in your room, all kinds of weird stuff. These things happen, and there's nothing to be done—it's a party, and usually a crazy one if it's New Year's Eve. All you can do is make sure you have enough cigarettes to last the night...especially if you smoke one particular brand (Gitanes) like me."

2. If you're attending someone else's party, get there earlier than usual.
"I've shown up to a couple of New Year's parties after one o'clock, even though it was my best intention to be there before 11. Shit happens. But it's not OK to involve other people in your tardiness. If you're going with just your girlfriend and you're late, that's cool. But if you're making a big group of people late for the party, that's not cool. And whatever you happen to be doing when the clock strikes 12—even if it's sitting in your driveway trying to get the hell out of your house—make the most of it, no matter what. This is New Year's."



EX model shown. ©2007 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

3. Think twice about bringing a date.
"If you're in a relationship and it's going well, New Year's Eve can be a great way of going into the new year on a positive note. But it's also a great night to break up and meet somebody new. Either way, people usually get so far gone that by the time they wake up the next morning, whatever intentions they had the night before have gone right out the door anyway. My advice is just to go into it with an open mind and see what happens. I don't ever remember having a bad New Year's Eve, *period*, girlfriend or no girlfriend, even when I decided to stay in."

4. On this night especially, be extra careful with everything you do.
"It's wise to be wise, and unless you're a hardened criminal, you probably shouldn't do anything so daring and dramatic that you'll end up in jail. For example, you don't want to be out on the street doing any kind of clandestine or illegal deals, because the police will be out in full force. I'm a sort of dark corner guy, so it was always my habit to find the darkest corner and the quietest spot with a good vantage point of everything that's going on. That's a good way to keep out of trouble ... usually."

5. Have your favorite hangover cure prepared for the next morning.
"The only two 'cures' that ever worked for me were taking a lot of aspirin before bed, which is really hard to remember, and drinking first thing in the morning. I'm sober now, but I used to keep a cocktail at the side of my bed when I'd go to sleep—you know, just whatever I was drinking the night before."—*as told to Jeff Foss*

If we have to tell you that Slash played in Guns n' Roses, you don't deserve this magazine. Pay the man some respect and check out his new book, *Slash*.

Brut Force! Three bottles of New Year's bubbly that will go right to your resolution-shattering head.

Laurent-Perrier Grand Siècle ($110, France)
Look for this elegant "prestige cuvée" (a term that's only used to designate a champagne house's flagship blend) to be crisp and dry with a "honeyed, nutty aroma with hints of almonds and freshly baked brioche." Did we mention it's from France, land of gross hyperbole?

J Cuvée 20 Brut NV ($30, California)
Yes, "true" champagne comes only from an exclusive and snooty region of France, but the J Cuvée Brut from Cali is a dandy midrange bottle of sparkling wine—soft enough on its own as a solo quaff, but with bright acidity to whet everyone's appetite for din-din.

Yellow Tail Sparkling White Wine ($11, Australia)
A good sparkling wine should be clean, subtle, vinous, and refreshing, and surprisingly, this no-fuss Aussie quaff delivers the goods in a light, citrussy style that belies its bargain-basement price. Get one to drink, one to mix up mimosas, and one to christen your dinghy.

elementandfriends.com
Well, thanks. I've got these wide-opening side cargo doors. There's really almost nothing I can't fit in here.
Ditto.
Duly noted.

STYLE

{SHARPEN YOUR EDGE}

Smooth Criminals

THE FIFTH AND FINAL SEASON OF *THE WIRE*, HBO'S BEST SHOW, COMMENCES JANUARY 6, so we suggest you stop complaining and start watching. Yeah, we know it's confusing. It's got 62-plus cast members, interweaving plot lines that began six years ago, and an outlook bleaker than that of Rudy Giuliani's hairline. But damn it, this is some good shit. Created and written by David Simon, the grittiest of gritty dramas calls upon his experience as a *Baltimore Sun* police reporter to tell the bloody story of the city's deadliest vices—from drugs to prostitution to politics. "The last logical question you'd ask by now is, 'If this is what's going on, where the fuck is everybody?'" says Simon. This season will examine the media's role in Baltimore's continued rot. "All the existing universes will also be in play. And by the end of the run, as is typical of *The Wire*, the new universe will be entangled and entwined with all the existing framework." Got it? Good. Now meet the folks who'll make this dark universe come to life.

BY LISA FREEDMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY NABIL STYLING BY KELLY RAE, BONNIE FRIEDMAN, AND VINCENT VJ LAKE

(above, from left) G-Star Raw Mash Danbury jacket, $270; 10 Deep Clothing Harlequin Zip hoodie, $96; Five Four Clothing jeans, $135–$176.

Z Zegna leather coat, $2,995; Five Four Clothing Lone Ranger shirt, $70; Hugo Boss Black sweater, $145; G-Star Raw Anchor pants, $150.

Sonja Sohn (first page, left)
Detective Shakima "Kima" Greggs
Her character: I play a lesbian homicide detective. Her job is the most important thing in her life. She has a moral gauge that is a big part of her.

Inspiration: Growing up in the projects in Virginia, I wasn't fond of cops. Now I see there are good ones out there who want to help people.

Porn again: I love doing the sex scenes—being raunchy is always fun. I hated my first sex scene; I thought it looked like two straight girls trying to be dykes. So for the next one I had to redeem my lesbian self on camera. It got to be a little soft porn-ish. It might have been a little over the top, but I wanted that shit to be real.

Belstaff Nail Blouson leather jacket, $1,365; G-Star Raw Amy V long knit dress, $160.

Corey Parker Robinson (first page, right)
Detective Leander Sydnor
His character: He's doing narcotics work shadowing the kingpin of Baltimore's drug ring.

Life on the streets: One thing I learned doing ride-alongs with real cops is that most criminals aren't as bad as you think they are. (And the same thing can be said about cops.) Everyone just wants to live a good life, watch their kids grow up, and eat good food.

True grit: We shoot in Baltimore, and our producers are guys who live and work here, so it has a realistic, gritty feel to it. There's not a lot of primping. It is so anti-Hollywood. You wouldn't even think we're on a big TV show. You'd think it's some low-budget production.

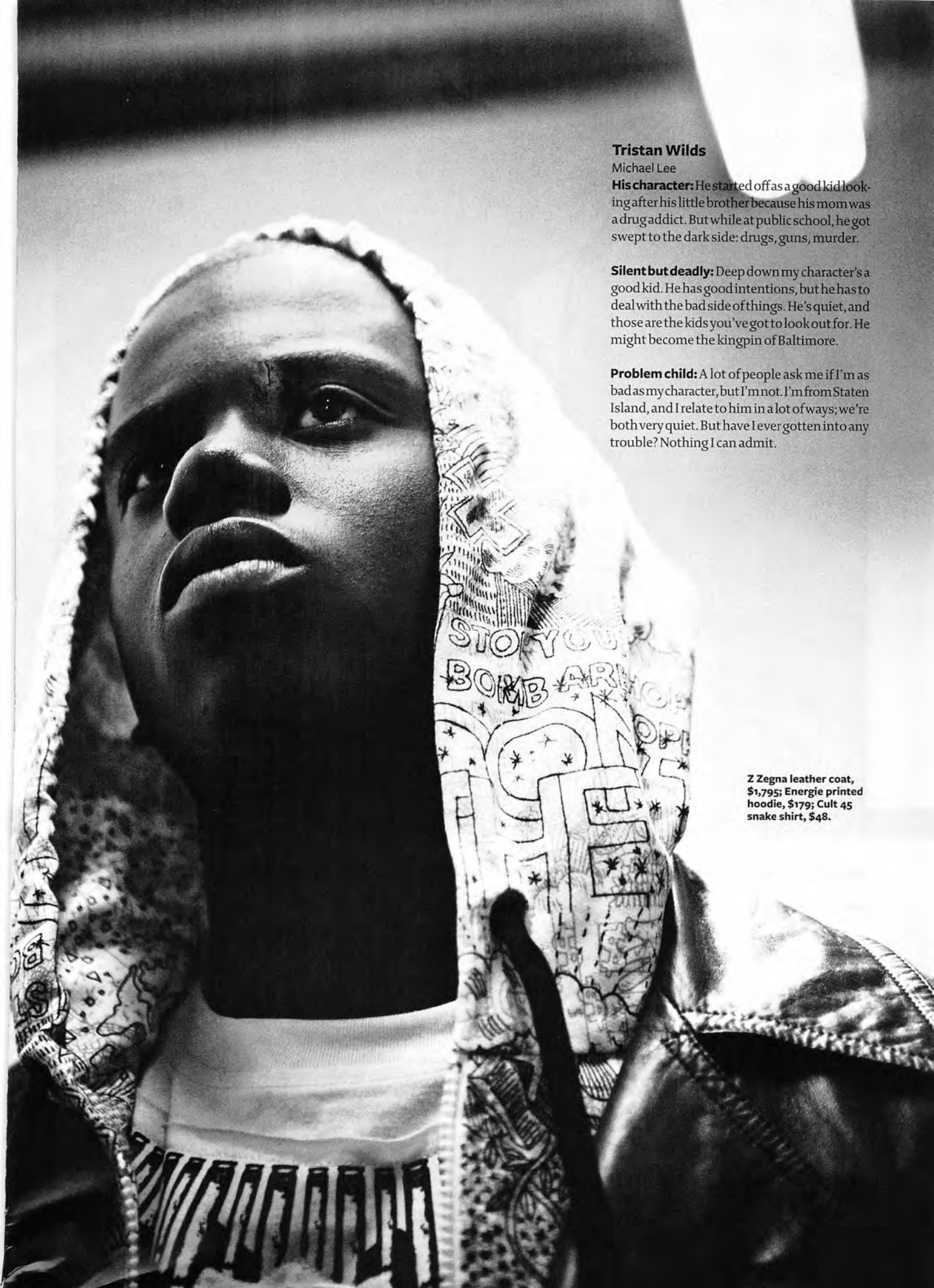
Zegna Sport Black suede jacket, $1,095; Hugo Boss Black dress shirt, $125; G-Star Raw Core V knit sweater, $130; G-Star Raw Original Brooklyn denim jeans $160; Clarks Ashe boots, $160.

Gbenga Akinnagbe (above left)
Chris Partlow
His character: I play an assassin. He's efficient, and he's very good at it. He's also a sociopath. He could easily shake your hand, kill you, and then go have something to eat.

Character study: I grew up 30 minutes south of Baltimore, in the exact same poverty. I was fortunate to have a sister who looked out for me.

Deadly encounters: One fan asked me to pistol-whip her. Another time this guy came up and was like, "Yo, I can't wait till I kill some people. I can't wait until I get the feeling." And he went on for 15 minutes about how he wants to feel after killing people. I just stood there and said, "Thanks for watching the show."

John Varvatos coat, $995; Christina Jackson Liberated People T-shirt; Five Four Clothing Lone Ranger shirt, $70; Swagger Embroidery Denim, $313.



Tristan Wilds
Michael Lee
His character: He started off as a good kid looking after his little brother because his mom was a drug addict. But while at public school, he got swept to the dark side: drugs, guns, murder.

Silent but deadly: Deep down my character's a good kid. He has good intentions, but he has to deal with the bad side of things. He's quiet, and those are the kids you've got to look out for. He might become the kingpin of Baltimore.

Problem child: A lot of people ask me if I'm as bad as my character, but I'm not. I'm from Staten Island, and I relate to him in a lot of ways; we're both very quiet. But have I ever gotten into any trouble? Nothing I can admit.

Z Zegna leather coat, $1,795; Energie printed hoodie, $179; Cult 45 snake shirt, $48.

(from left)
Sean John tailored suit, $450, shirt, $60, and silk tie, $40.

Hugo Boss leather jacket, $795; Levi's jeans, $46; Clarks Ashe boots, $160.

Domenick Lombardozzi (above left)
Detective Thomas "Herc" Hauk

His character: He started as a renegade cop as part of what the police call the Flex Squad. So he'd rush up to the corner and intimidate the guys. He became a sergeant and, in season five, a private investigator. I despise the character, to be perfectly honest. He has good intentions, but he constantly makes the same mistakes.

Respect the badge: On ride-alongs with cops, they'd get out of the car and everyone would just line up on the street. No one was like, "Why are you doing this?" It was routine for them. The cops in Baltimore need respect, and if they don't get it they take it. If you were just a regular Joe in the hood, you'd be intimidated.

Roughing it: I remember doing a scene and having to look where I was stepping because there were live and dead rats everywhere. It was fucking ridiculous.

Seth Gilliam (above right)
Sergeant Ellis Carver

His character: On *The Wire*, the more you fuck things up the better you do in the ranks. I began as a plain-clothes detective and have been rising in file. Now I'm like Charles in Charge and have a unit with six or seven guys underneath me. It's not as much fun—I liked fucking up.

Surviving the game: Dom [Lombardozzi] and I lived together during filming, and we'd have the drug dealers over at our apartment taking turns at *Madden* football. The trash-talking was ridiculous. I introduced the game to them, so I beat ass for the first season, but everybody got better. I never really improved.

Street smarts: When you've got the uniform on, people see you coming and modify their behavior. But when you're in plain clothes, it's a constant adrenaline rush—you're in the thick of it before it all drops off.

Tom McCarthy (right)
Scott Templeton

His character: I play a reporter at the paper who covers the news in Baltimore—which includes a lot of fucked-up things. He has more ambition than talent and gets in over his head. He gets the ball rolling, and he can't stop it.

Dream job: It's funny to join a show for a fifth season after I was already such a big fan. I probably seemed like I was too excited, like I needed to chill. But it was really awesome across the board. I was watching some clips, and it's weird to be like, "Oh, yeah, I'm in it now."

Unhappy endings: Things get more tangled as the season moves on; people whose paths you'd never think would cross end up crossing. It's the only show I've ever been on where the new script would come out and everyone would talk about it. We could feel the momentum of the show, right up to the last episode.

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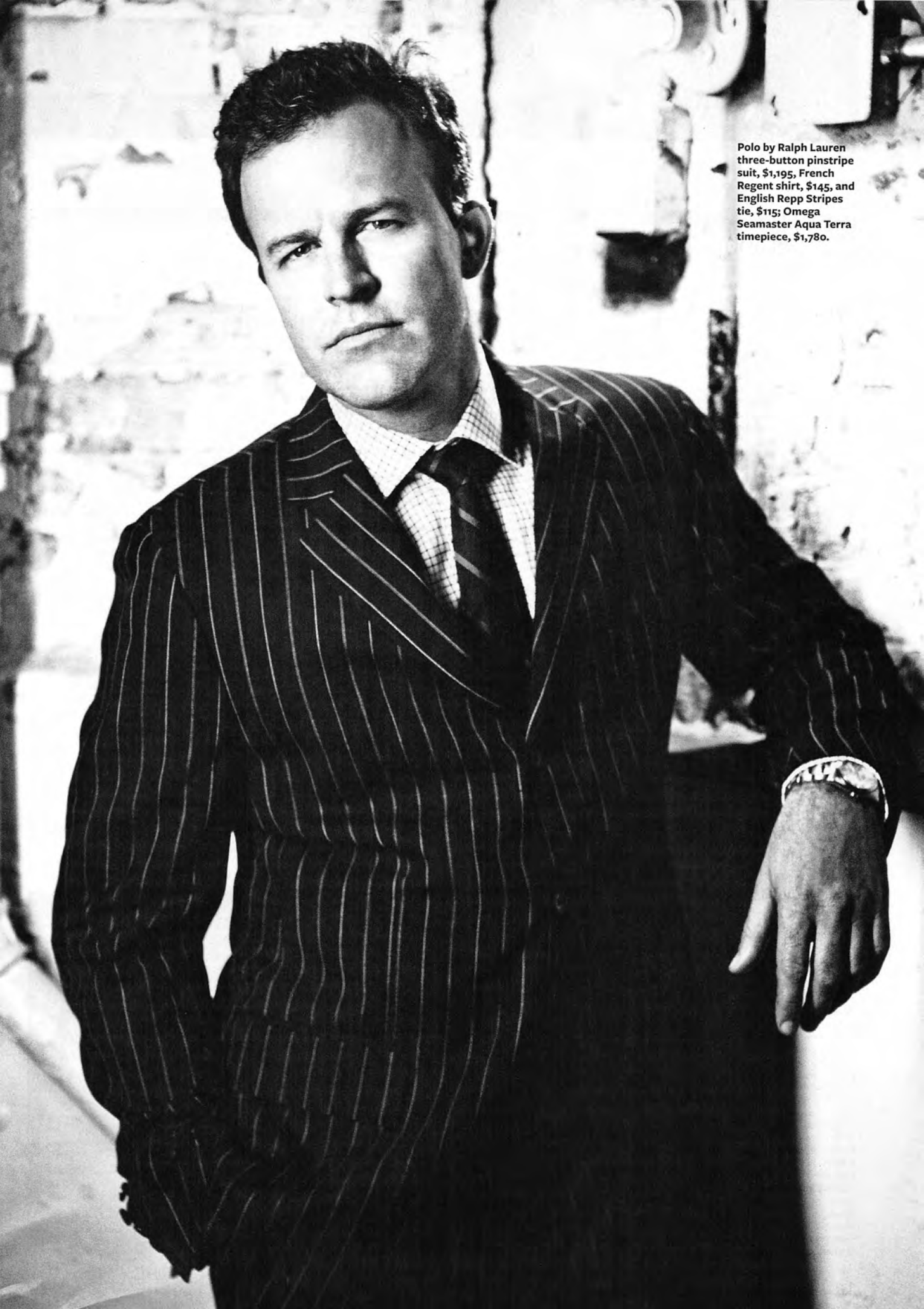

Polo by Ralph Lauren three-button pinstripe suit, $1,195, French Regent shirt, $145, and English Repp Stripes tie, $115; Omega Seamaster Aqua Terra timepiece, $1,780.

Photography Credits

pp.5–6: Vest, Delia; shorts, Moschino; necklace, Vionnet
p.14: Soccer players: Alvin Chan/Landov
p.18: Jeffrey Ross, John Shearer/Wireimage
pp.22–29: Inferno: Schneider, Neal Peters Collection; car, Ron Kimball Stock; *Deal or No Deal*, Katy Winn/Corbis; Airbus, Zhuang Jim/Sipa; Seacrest, Mathew Imaging/Filmmagic; turkey leg, Daniel Templeton/Alamy; *Goldfinger*, Everett Collection; frog, Masayuki Sumida/Corbis; Jay-Z, George Pimental/Wireimage; flames, Mark Bourdillon/Alamy. Sex Machines: Female robot, Digital Vision/Getty Images; Alba, George Campos/London Features; football, Jupiter Images; Gyllenhaal, Kevin Winter/Getty Images; wedding rings, Photodisc/Getty Images; O'Donnell, Arun Nevader/Wireimage; Gunn, Mark Van Holden/Wireimage; omelet, Jupiter Images; nerds, Jupiter Images (2); *Small Wonder*, 20th Century Fox/Everett Collection; oil can, Jupiter Images. Trendstopping: Winehouse, Mark Allen/Wireimage; Fox, Steve Granitz/Wireimage; Von D, Paul Redmond/Wireimage. Mark Mainz/Getty Images; Ada/X17. Chess Boxing: Main image, Fabrizio Bensch/Reuters/Corbis; Insets, from top: Lars Baron/Getty Images; Frank Stoldt/Getty Images; cocaine, Mariana Bazo/Reuters/Landov. Head of State: Giuliani, Jeff Kowalsky/EPA/Corbis; Romney, Joshua Roberts/Bloomberg News/Corbis; Thompson, Ron Sachs/CNP/Corbis; Clinton and Edwards, Matthew Cavanaugh/EPA/Corbis; Obama, Jason Reed/Reuters/Corbis. The Year in Balls: Shaq, Andrew Bernstein/NBA/Getty; newspaper, Image Source/Jupiter Images; tennis ball, Hideki Yoshihara/Jupiter Images; golf balls, James Worrell/Getty; Adu, Francisco Leong/Getty Images; watermelon, Steen Larsen/Getty Images; testicles, Pictures by Rob/Alamy; blood, Roy Botterell/Getty Image; scissors, Richard Gleen/Alamy; baseball, Dan Rosenstrauch/Landov; Yahoo!, Newscom: Times Square ball, Waterford crystal, Getty Images. Ask Maxim: *Fantasy Island*, Columbia TriStar/Everett Collection; computer, Brad Swonetz/Corbis; couple, Digital Vision/Getty; pizza, Food Collection/Alamy
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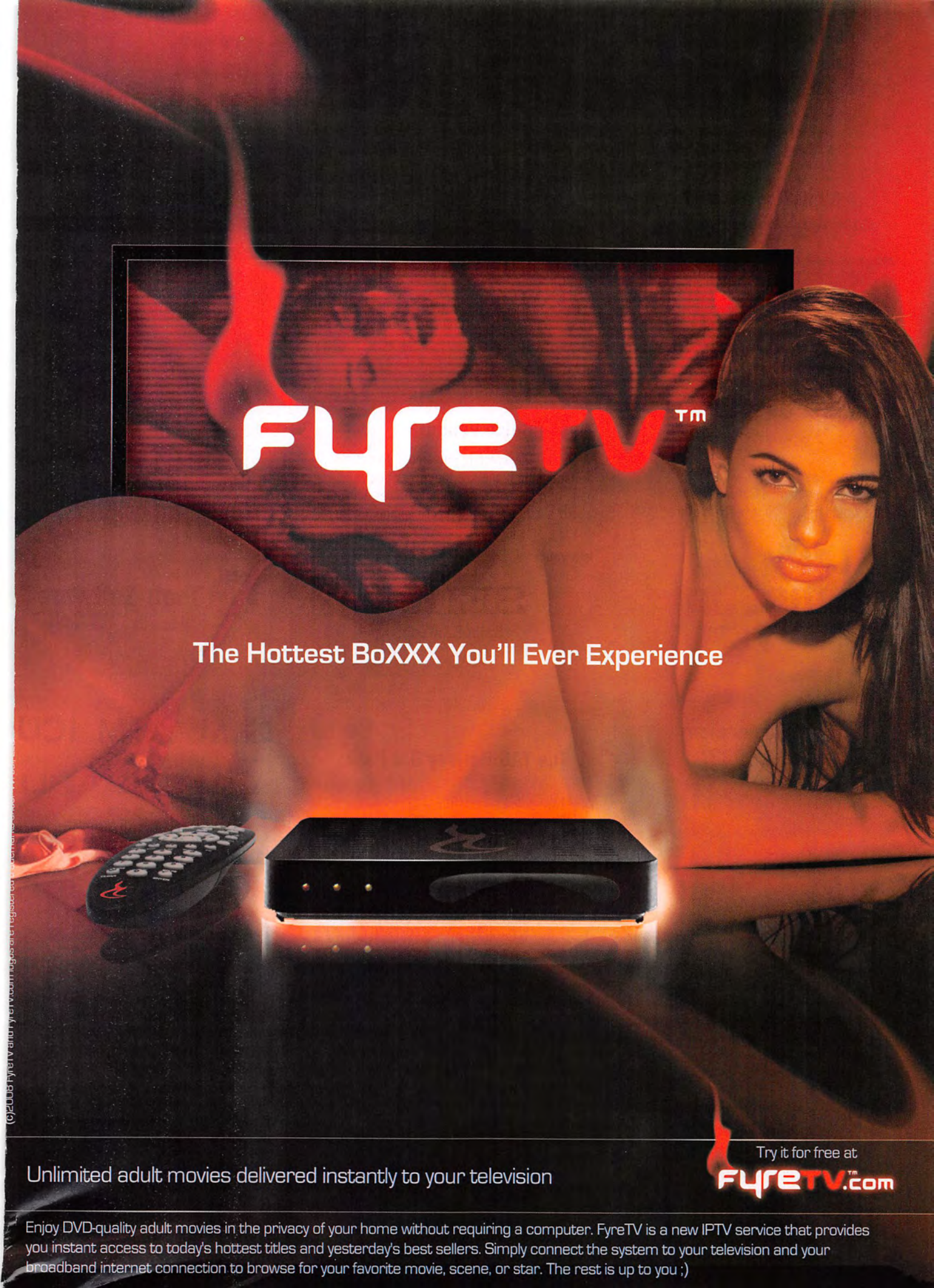
p.56: Man and women, Getty; power lines, Corbis; car flood, Zuma; deathbed, Corbis; briefcase, Istock; tree, Getty; hand, Alamy; graves, Corbis; vest, Delia; ring, Azara; shorts, Moschino; shoes, Christian Louboutin; bangles, Amrapali of Jodhpur
pp.84–89: Police boat, Jake Price/WPN, Addie and Zach, Toby Morris/Zuma; house, *Times-Picayune*/Landov; pazzoo and big bad wolf, Richard Cummins/Corbis; skull, Istockphoto; search and rescue, Bill Barrow/Polaris; Zach and Addie (3), Jime Wilson/*New York Times*/Redux, national guard and hotel, *Times-Picayune*/Landov (2); Lafitte, AP Photo; ax, Alamy
pp.90–91: Simpson, Zuma/Newscom; Ryder, Getty Images; Nixon, Polaris; Murphy, Peter Brooker/Rex USA; Allen, Alessandro Bianchi/Reuters; Connery, Everett Collection/Rex USA; Jackson, David Long/Retna; Baldwin, Peter Brooker/Rex USA; Richie, LAN/Retna; Doherty, Lefteris Pitarakis/AP; Sprewell, Otto Greule Jr./Getty Images; Giuliani, Jack Sykes/Retna
pp.96–97: Main image, Corey Arnold; firefighter, David McNew/Getty Images; security specialist, Saeed Khan/Associated Press; oil rig worker, Jean Gaumy/Magnum
p.98: Trainer, Andersen Ross/Jupiter Images; bottled water, Glyn Ryland/Alamy; apples, Isabelle Rozenbaum/Photo Alto/Alamy; bagels, foodcollection.com/Alamy; speed freak, Ingram Publishing/Alamy; jock, Jupiter Images/Polka Dot/Alamy; lifter, Elvele Images/Alamy
p.101: Eyes, Steve Peixotto; banana, Ray Massey/Getty Images; Ambien, Dana Liteplo; red background, Alamy
pp.102–103: Slash, Glen Laferman/London Features; party hat, Punchstock; party favor, Elisabeth Coelfen/Alamy;
p.120: Monkey, Cyril Ruoso/Getty; dinosaur, Colin Keates/Getty; baby, Owen Franken/Corbis; Stapp, Kim D. Johnson/AP; Lauer, Evan Agostini/Getty; shaving cream, Alamy; Travolta, Everett; Ned Flanders, Photofest; Jesus fish, Alamy; Davey, Photofest; Sammy Davis Jr., Michael Oches Archive/Getty; Kirstie Alley, Lester Cohen/Getty; Ali, Frank Trapper/Corbis; Marx, Henry Guttmann/Getty

MISCHA BARTON
On the cover: Bra, La Perla; cardigan, 12th Street by Cynthia Vincent; shorts, Moschino; necklace, Meghan Park
pp.66–67: skirt, Vintage Balenciaga; bra, La Perla; cardigan, 12th Street by Cynthia Vincent; cuff, vintage Kauer + Kind; gold bangles, Amrapali of Jodhpur
p.69: top, Sass and Bide; shorts, La Perla
p.70: bra, La Perla; cardigan, 12th Street by Cynthia Vincent; cuff, vintage Kauer + Kind; gold bangles, Amrapali of Jodhpur
p.71: Bra, Willow; shorts, Victoria's Secret
p.72: Bra, La Perla, cardigan, 12th Street by Cynthia Vincent, shorts, Moschino
p.73: Hat, Stetson; bodysuit, La Perla; shirt, Antonio Marras

Where to Buy

SMOOTH CRIMINALS
p.104: Somja Sohn: Belstaff Nail Blouson jacket, $1,365, Irma, N.Y.C.; G-Star Raw Amy dress, $160, g-star.com. Corey Parker-Robinson: Zegna Sport jacket, $1,095, Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques; Hugo Boss Black shirt, $125, Hugo Boss stores; G-Star Raw Core sweater, $130, and Original Brooklyn jeans, $160, g-star.com; Clarks Ashe boots, $160, clarksusa.com
p.105: Tristan Wilds: G-Star Raw Mash Danbury jacket, $270, g-star.com; 10 Deep Clothing Harlequin Zip hoodie, $96, Union, N.Y.C. and L.A.; Five Four Clothing jeans, $135–$176, Atrium, N.Y.C. Gbenga Akinnagbe: Z Zegna leather coat, $2,995, Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques; Five Four Clothing Lone Ranger shirt, $70, Atrium, N.Y.C.; G-Star Raw Anchor pants, $150, g-star.com
p.106: Gbenga Akinnagbe: John Varvatos coat, $995, johnvarvatos.com; Five Four Clothing Lone Ranger shirt, $70, Atrium, N.Y.C.; Swagger Embroidery Denim, $313, swagger-co.com
p.107: Tristan Wilds: Z Zegna leather coat, $1,795, Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques; Energie hoodie, $179, select Bloomingdale's; Cult 45 shirt, $48, karmaloop.com
p.108: Domminick Lombardozzi: Sean John tailored suit, $450, shirt, $60, and silk tie, $40, all Macy's; Hugo Boss leather jacket, $795, select Hugo Boss stores; Levi's jeans, $46, levisstore.com; Clarks Ashe boots, $160, clarksusa.com
p.109: Tom McCarthy: Polo by Ralph Lauren three-button pinstripe suit, $1,195, French Regent shirt, $145, and English Repp Stripes tie, $115, select Ralph Lauren stores; Omega Seamaster Aqua Terra timepiece, $1,780, tourneau.com.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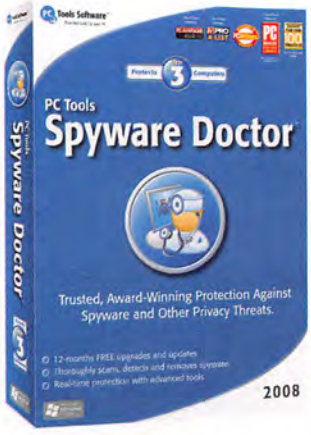

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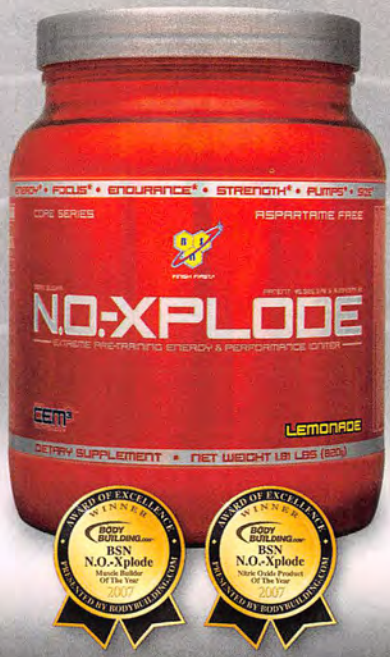

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

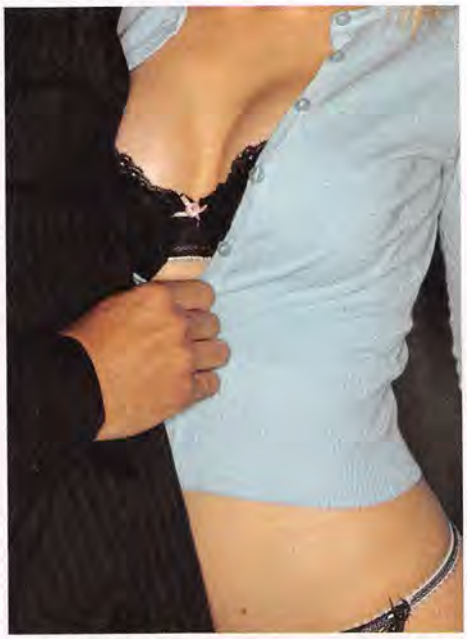
I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best

"other products claimed that a pill, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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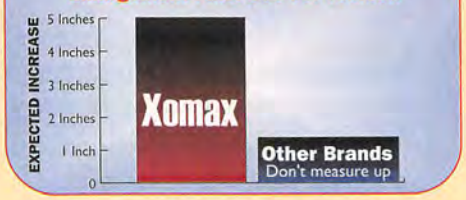

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The Decider: Religion

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Do you think there might be something bigger than all of us out there, something or someone who is all-knowing, all-loving, and all-powerful?

- yes
- no

You have a wet dream. You...
A. Weep over the thousands of killed babies on your sheets.
B. Feel even more shame and self-loathing than ever.
C. Shout, "Eye for an eye!" and blind your one-eyed meat snake.

In your opinion, was Charles Darwin smarter than a fifth grader?

- no
- yes

Drawings of my prophet/messiah are...
A. Forbidden! Any rendering is blasphemy!
B. Cool as long as they have those weird eyes that follow you around the room.

A baby boy is born. You command:

- absolute silence.
- an exorbitant medical fee.

Dinosaurs are...
A. A practical joke by Satan. Nice try, Satan!
B. OK, but they should really cover up those long, sexy necks.

- yes
- no

Do you often find yourself listening to Creed in leather sandals?

- yes
- no

You're wronged by a friend. You:
A. Turn the other cheek.
B. Turn it into a *Curb Your Enthusiasm* episode.
C. Call your friend "glib."

Do you want your faith to help guide you *and* cover a bald spot?

- yes
- no

True or false: If you're not paying huge sums of money for your religious progress, you're getting a crappy, cheapo God.

- true
- false

Do you believe in angels?

- Yes
- Only when they're portrayed by John Travolta.

Are you going to hell for reading *Maxim*?
A. No, but the bikini models will surely burn for the sin of giving me a boner.
B. "Yesiree-a-rino!"

Are you sick of shaving?

- yes
- no

The best place for a fish is:

- on my bumper.
- on a bialy with a nice schmear.

Homosexuality is:
A. Something the "old me" might have done.
B. Nonexistent in my country.

True or false: If pigs eat trash, and I eat pigs, I eat trash.

- true
- false

You're a Christian!
Jesus loves you! Except if you're gay, engaging in premarital sex, or spurning the advances of a priest.

You're a Jew!
Mazel tov! You're one of God's chosen people. Kiss pork chops and your foreskin goodbye.

You're a Scientologist!
As a pre-clear, your engrams are in dire need of auditing. Bring on evil inter-galactic overlord Xenu!

You're a Muslim!
You'll have a heckuva time in Mecca! Warning: Burkas make it hard to tell if you're dating a fat chick.

You're an atheist!
You don't believe in magic or the afterlife. So with no fear of hell, why aren't you outside murdering someone?

BY SCOTT JACOBSON AND HALLIE HAGLUND

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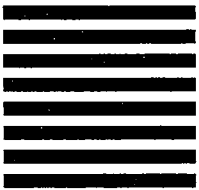

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